Vol. CXLII No. 1843
THE BYSTANDER April 12, 1939

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The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (15th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, May 2nd, 1939.

Holders: Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Jessie Anderson.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 21st, 1939.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (15th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 2nd, 1939.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....
To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....
Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....
who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....
(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 21st, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor by April 26th.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (16th Year)

At Turnberry (Ailsa Course), May 9th to 12th, 1939

Holders: Mrs. Eckford Wallace and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery.

Entries close Friday, April 21st.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

TURNBERRY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by Friday, April 21st, 1939.

The "BYSTANDER" LADIES' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES at Turnberry (Ailsa Course), May 9th, 1939, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No.*.....
To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No.*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after May 4th to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone or Telegrams: Turnberry 202.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 21st.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The TURNBERRY HOTEL offers competitors special terms of 17s. 6d. per day, inclusive of all meals. Miss Helme will be there from the evening of May 7th.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be begun at Turnberry during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

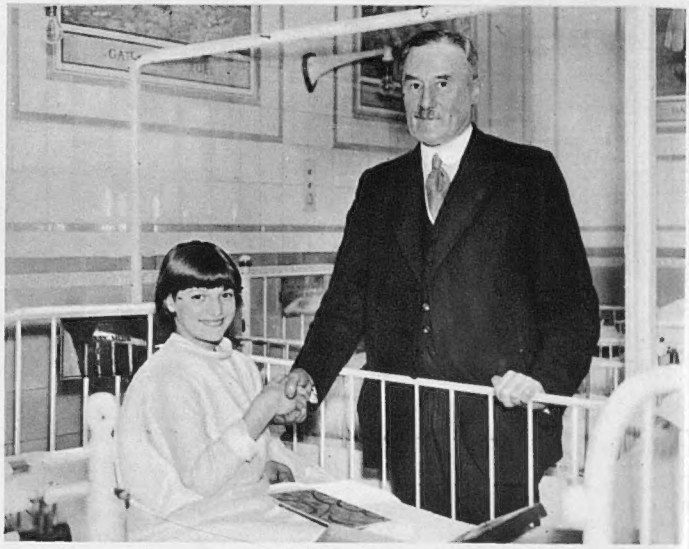
The Bystander

Maurice Seymour, Chicago

Claire Luce, Back to Work

Claire Luce played for seven months the only woman's part in the New York stage success, *Of Mice and Men*. Then she came over to Europe (American theatres close in the summer) to take a holiday, as announced on a *Bystander* frontispiece in July. It was a long holiday, and a good one, and it took her all round the Mediterranean, chiefly the Aegean and North Africa. Now she is back and Norman Marshall has persuaded her to play her original part in his presentation of *Of Mice and Men* at the Gate Theatre to-night, where she will be supported by Niall McGinnis and John Mills. The New York-born actress returns to her country in the summer to play the part once again—for the films

***Mrs. de Valera** made one of her rare public appearances at the reception for the Schools' Drama League Festival given in Dublin by President Douglas Hyde ("An Craoibhin Aoibhinn") (left). Right is Captain Eamon Butler, A.D.C. As President Hyde is unmarried, Mrs. de Valera, a Fhlanagain by birth, is first lady in Eire*



***Lord Wigram**, President of Westminster Hospital, has for three years worked in the cause of the new hospital building in Broad Sanctuary. Now it is ready and will be opened by the King and Queen on Thursday of next week, but Lord Wigram, seen here with a little patient, is still appealing for the completion of the £100,000 building fund*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

I HAVE written over and over again that Poland is the key to Europe. Now it appears that that is not exactly correct to-day. The Anglo-Polish alliance or guarantee, or call it what you will, is now the key. I have been hunting through my history books, and I cannot find a case in the past when Britain and Poland stood side by side. In the Peninsular War the Polish Lancers fought on the side of Napoleon, and in earlier days, when Poland was saving Europe from the Turks, the English were mostly busy saving themselves from Louis XIV. Perhaps the nearest approach was in 1920, when Pilsudski was saving Europe once again at the Battle of Warsaw, and we were maintaining General Denikin and General Wrangel in the south of Russia. I would be delighted if any readers of this page, who are historically-minded, would write to me and tell me if Britain and Poland have ever been allies before.

THE new situation created by Mr. Chamberlain's pledge to Poland is of almost fantastic importance. It makes Europe into an entirely different place all in a moment. We cannot, of course, send military help, but it brings the Navy into action at once, and it is doubtful if the German naval advisers of the German Chancellor would recommend him at this moment to engage the Navy on the high seas.

THE Poles have one supreme advantage if it ever came to a war with Germany. They have only two cities of such outstanding importance that the bombing of them would be a disaster. Warsaw and Lodz are the two. For the rest, Poland consists of enormous plains not at all vulnerable to aircraft and easily defended by resolute men on horses or in tanks. It is out of the question that Germany could engage in a mechanised war on the Polish plains and at the same time keep her Air Force fully equipped with petrol.

ONE of the prime features of the situation is the quiet calmness of the Polish people in a situation of incredible hazard. They still flinch from signing the Four-Power Declaration, and I for one think it is a pity. But perhaps, after all, they know their own business best.

BUT although Mr. Chamberlain's new foreign policy is of such supreme importance, the last case will be worse than the first if it is not carried through logically to its final conclusion. If there is the slightest sign of our wobbling, then we are lost for ever. The *Times* newspaper started to wobble within twelve hours of Mr. Chamberlain's speech. In fact, it went further than wobble, it came dangerously near the edge of sabotage. In the Czechoslovak crisis there was a notorious *Times* leader. Now in the Polish crisis there has been another equally notorious.

WHO does these things? Who deliberately tries to throw a spanner into the foreign policy of the nation? Hot-heads talk violently about our Fifth Column, which is said to be ready in our midst to do what it can against the interests of the nation. I am not suggesting for one moment that the *Times* leader was inspired by anything in the nature of a Fifth Column, but what I do think is disquieting is that certain people should lack firmness when the nation itself is firm.

***A plea for peace** was put forward at a political meeting at the Kingsway Hall recently by a public figure who nevertheless would not quickly be recognised in the above guise—Jack Petersen, former British heavyweight champion*

THE great test of Mr. Chamberlain's resolution will be his reconstruction of his Cabinet. As he has now returned to the policy advocated for years by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, there can be no reason whatever for keeping them out of the Cabinet. And as he has thrown over the policy advocated by Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare, there is no earthly reason for keeping them in.

IN the meantime there is a remarkable response to the Prime Minister's call for volunteers in the Territorials. In

(Concluded on page 40)

The Proper Study

Some Important People and Some Others

A Deb and Her Horses : Miss Patience Brand

Count Raczynski, Polish Ambassador in London, went to Dover to meet his chief, Colonel Joseph Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, accompanied him to his hotel, was photographed with him there before the talks on the European situation with our Government began →

Statesman and Diplomat : Col. Beck and Count Raczynski

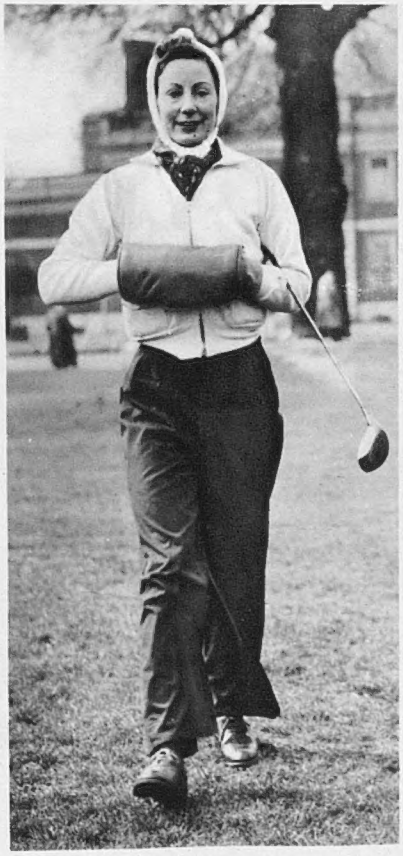
← *Patience ("Boo") Brand, seventeen-year-old deb who was presented at the first Court by her mother, Lady Rosabelle Brand, is not so taken up with the dance list that she forgets the stables at her home, Littledene, near Lewes. She is half-sister to Mrs. Billy Fiske—the former Rose Bingham*

The Pegasus Club's fortieth annual steeplechases were not brilliantly supported at Kimble, but provided good sport, nevertheless. Two spectators of their juniors at the Bar ahorse were Lord Roche and Lord Justice MacKinnon : the latter is president of the club →

Justice Goes Racing : Lord Roche, Sir F. D. MacKinnon

Fashion Note : Tennis

Mrs. S. H. Hammersley (Freda James) wore a new line in striped trousers at the Herga Club's tournament which was so spoilt by rain



Fashion Note : Golf

Mrs. Oliver Locker-Lampson, wife of the M.P. for North Huntingdon, wore a new line in leather muffs at the L.P.G.A. foursomes (see p. 74) at Ranelagh, where she won the first division handicap

Fashion Note : Tweed Jackets for Polo

Three not very new or dissimilar lines in tweed jackets were the notable features of the garb of Lord Cowdray, non-playing captain of the British Westchester Cup team in America, and two polo-playing sisters, Pat and Betty Kelly, recently winners in the Pacific Coast championship. They watched a game at Sta. Barbara

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 38)

many places drill halls and headquarters are open all day for recruits. The Highland Division (the famous 51st of the war) is, as usual, ahead of all the rest. It is up to war establishment, and has begun the formation of its Second Line. And it is of particular importance to note that employers, both large and small, are becoming more and more anxious to give facilities for training and attendance at the annual camps.

IT is a perfect commentary on the international situation that the Terrorists explode bombs all over the country and hardly anybody, except, of course, the police, pays any attention. I am told that the citizens of Hammersmith came running out to look at their bridge, and went home again laughing cheerfully and saying, " It wasn't Marshal Goering. It was only those Irish."

AS I feared, the Gaiety Theatre is to come down. It has been sold, and a block of office buildings will take its place. So the old house, with its memories of George Edwardes, of George Grossmith, of Marie Studholme, of Gertie Millar, and of Leslie Henson, is to vanish. In the great days of the jeunesse dorée before the war, the stage-door at the Gaiety was a seething mass of toppers, white ties, and orchids.

AS a matter of fact, the end of the Gaiety is more than just the end of a landmark, it is causing grave alarm in the whole theatre-world. The London County Council, who are the ground landlords, are making their regulations increasingly stringent, and their demands for reconstruction are becoming increasingly frequent. The L.C.C. examines theatres, roughly speaking, every twenty years. Office buildings are generally safe from L.C.C. interference for ninety-nine years. The result may be in the future that we shall have fewer and fewer theatres and more and more offices, which is, of course, in perfect accord with the general tendency of the day. Everything is done for money, and nothing for anything else.

THE Gate Theatre is going to present Mr. John Steinbeck's play, *Of Mice and Men*, which had a long run in New York. The book itself, from which the play has been made, was one of the most terrifying books I ever read. If the crisis has not killed the theatre within the next ten days, *Of Mice and Men* ought to attract large crowds.

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT has stated categorically that she wouldn't mind curtseying to the King and Queen when they visit the White House. But I think she detracts a little from this concession when she adds : " I wouldn't mind curtseying to anyone."

IT is painfully significant that the Governors of Harrow School have adopted five hundred as the maximum number of boarders in the school, and have decided to close one of the boarding-houses. The fact is, of course, that schoolmasters all over the country are facing the fact that parents are not putting their boys down for schools in advance in anything like the way they used to. Not only is there this caution by parents, but in the next twenty years there simply will not be enough boys to go round, owing to the fall in the birth-rate.

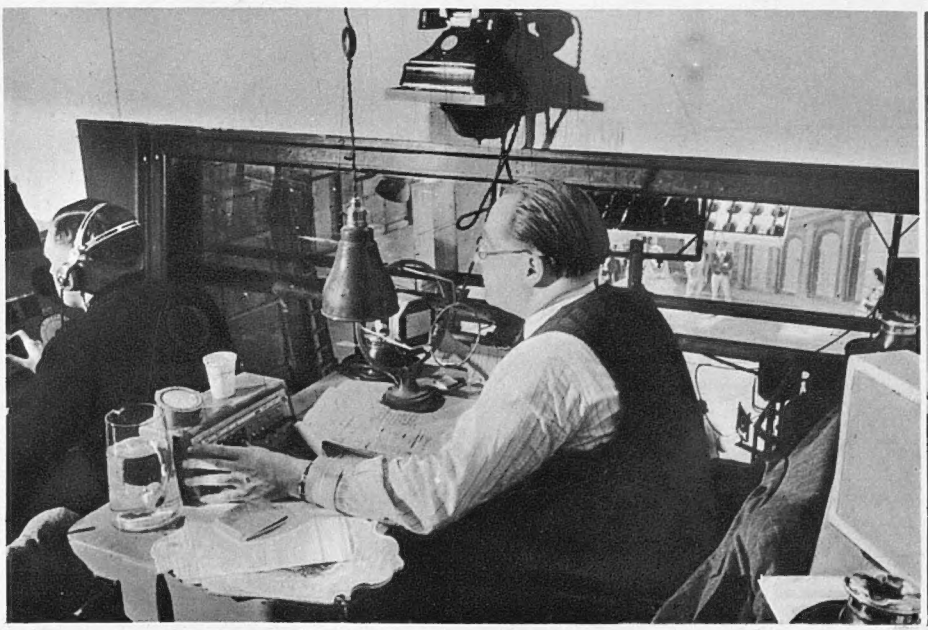
AN interesting point arrives from Germany. The famous chimes of Bow Bells, which always precede the German news on the Regional programme, are so distinctive that the Gestapo agents can recognise them in the streets, and instantly know who is listening-in to the truth. Arrests follow in a few seconds. Obviously the chimes ought to be abolished when they come before the German news.

" WISDEN'S ALMANACK FOR 1939 " has just been published, and, as last year, I record my protest against its new form. There are about twenty things I dislike in the new style of *Wisden*, the chief one being the print, and the second one being the lack of sense of proportion which gives a longer obituary notice to Major R. M. Poore and to G. H. Longman than it does to Hugh Trumble. Trumble was one of the Australian immortals. In fact, I think the whole of the obituary pages in the new-style *Almanack* are very poor. But, alas ! one has to read the book from end to end, because it still remains the most fascinating of all sporting periodicals.

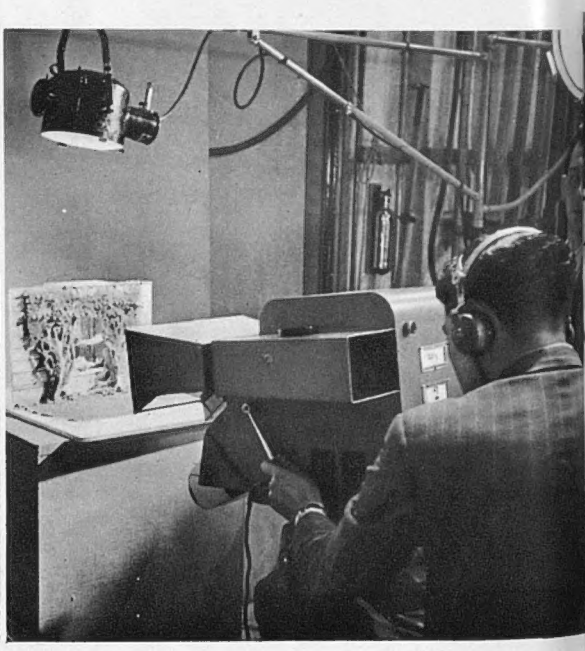
OF all post-war British golfers, Henry Cotton is the only one who is consistently at the top of his form. In the old days Vardon, Braid, Taylor, and Herd were always at the top of every competition. The post-war golfer, with the exception of Cotton, may go round a course in 66, but his next round may be 76, and the round after that might easily be 86.

THE London Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* happened to meet Hammond, the English cricket captain, in a restaurant in Great Portland Street last week. He went up to him and said : " How is the last Test Match getting on ? I only read the scores every week." Hammond instantly replied : " I slipped away while they were rolling the wicket between the innings."

AFTER doing this page without a break for a good long time, I am taking a month's holiday (with the consent of the Editor), beginning next week. For the next four weeks this page will be written by a commentator who unfortunately has to remain anonymous. All I ask of the readers of this page is to extend a kind welcome to him, but not so kind that I might be asked to resign the page permanently to him. And so, au revoir, I trust



***The producer,** D. H. Munro, sits in his control room watching two screens, one showing what is now on the air, the other his choice from various other views. With his vision-mixer, which fades one view out and another in, he controls what you see ; the mike on his desk connects to all operatives' headphones. Under Munro's left arm is the Covent Garden gala programme*



***Superimposition** is an innocent deception that saves the television producer from constructing cumberous and expensive scenery : a camera takes shots of a model scene, and the sleeping princess in another studio is superimposed*

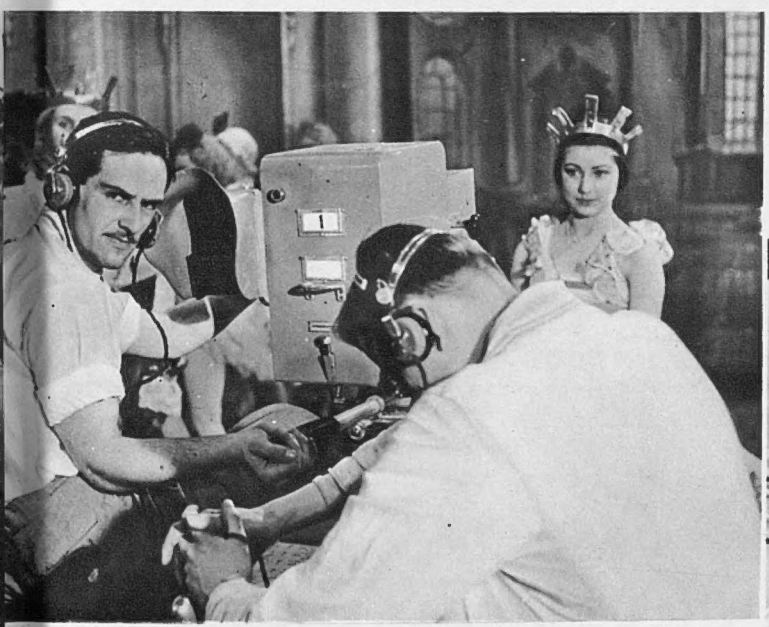
On the air: *the scene in the studio as Prince Charming (Robert Helpmann) and the Lilac Fairy (June Brae) dance a pas de deux for the cameras. Margot Fonteyn as the Princess is at back, centre*

Televising the "Sleeping Princess"

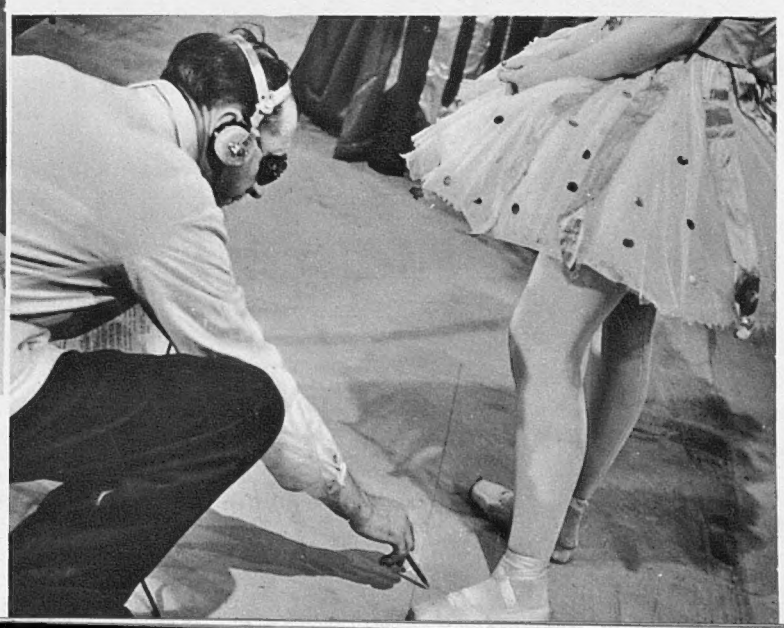
Twice at the end of last month the B.B.C. televised studio performances of the first two acts of *The Sleeping Princess*, the Petipa-Tschaikowsky ballet which this season was added to the Vic-Wells company's repertoire and whose success was sealed at the Covent Garden State performance for the French President The third act will be televised twice also, on May 22nd and 27th. The production is in the hands of D. H. Munro, the B.B.C.'s production manager for television: that is to say, he ultimately decides what views shall be seen, while Ninette de Valois, maîtresse of the Sadler's Wells company, is collaborating in details of choregraphy, stood in the wings during the show. The pictures on these two pages were taken at Alexandra Palace for the "Bystander," and show some of television's back-camera work

Photographs by Rodger

June Brae *takes a rest in a Degas pose*



The cameraman *for "The Sleeping Princess" was Mr. Needer, the B.B.C.'s No. 1. Here he waits for the red light to take Margot Fonteyn, as the Princess, in an introductory shot. On the right, Arthur Ozmund, stage manager, complicates the choregraphy with focal points*



Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS

Mr. Verney and Miss Musgrave

John Verney and Jeanie Lucinda Musgrave were married at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. He is the elder son of Lieut.-Col. Sir Ralph and Lady Verney; she is the daughter of the late Major Herbert Musgrave, R.E., and Mrs. Musgrave. Sir Colville Barclay was best man

FASHION NOTE

A New Coiffure

It doesn't come out very well in a photograph, but in reality it is striking—electric bulbs in the coiffure, lit by wires hidden in curls running to a battery. The wearer is ex-deb Cynthia Monteith; the creator was the youngest Weldon brother, Terence

Mr. Greville Baird and Miss MacGregor

The Hon. Robert Alexander Greville Baird, Lord and Lady Stonehaven's second son, married Dorviegelda Malvina MacGregor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alasdair MacGregor, of Dunkeld, Perthshire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Princess Marie Louise and Lord and Lady Maud Carnegie were present

AN ENGAGEMENT

Mrs. Hollway and Lord Howland

Early last week Lord Howland, elder son of Lord and Lady Tavistock and grandson of the eighty-one-year-old Duke of Bedford, and Mrs. "Brownie" Hollway announced their engagement. She was Clare Bridgman before her first marriage, is Mrs. E. J. Bridgman's youngest daughter

Miss Littlehales and

It was a register offic Hall, Westminster, betwee son of the late Loui Gabrielle Littlehales. Sh tesse de la Valta, who liv

NIGHT LIFE

Mr. Kennedy, Jr., Suppe

HOMEWARD BOUND

The Charle

Transatlantic sociali eastwards again f Mary passengers Mr. and Mrs. Charl Palm Beach-ing.

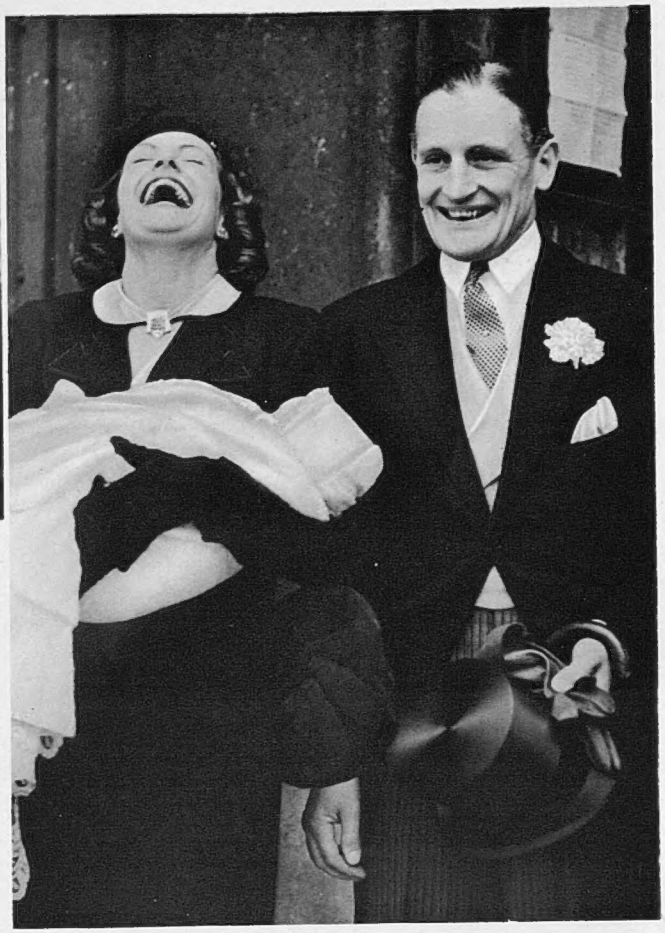
TWO CHRISTENINGS

Mr. Stephen Raphael

wedding at the Caxton Stephen Raphael, banker Edward Raphael, and is the daughter of the Com- in the South of France

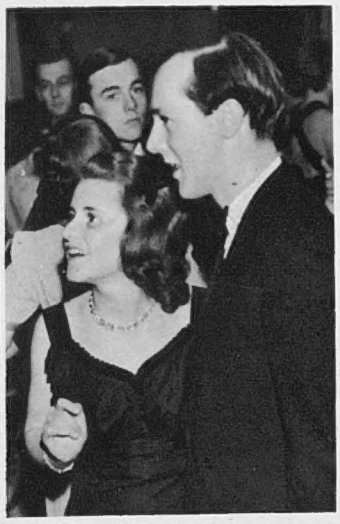
Jane Margaret Lascelles

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lascelles' baby daughter was christened Jane Margaret at Chelsea Old Church. She is the granddaughter, through her father, of Lieut.-Colonel Edward ffrancis Ward Lascelles, one-time A.D.C. to Lord Kitchener



Karol Anne Prior-Palmer

Rarely does a picture-paper have the pleasure of publishing such a joyful picture for what is always called a joyful occasion: the laughing parents are Captain and Mrs. Erroll Prior-Palmer, whose daughter was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mrs. Palmer was Katherine Bibby before marrying the polo player in 1935



The supper snapshots on the left show two members of the American Ambassador's big family and their respective supper partners: Joe, Junior, who has just got back from crisis-hunting in Spain, was with Ursula Kenyon-Slaney; Kathleen was with the Duke of Devonshire's heir, Lord Hartington, with whom she has been seen about a lot lately

with Miss Slaney, His Sister with Lord Hartington

Sweenys Played Draughts

traffic is now beginning to flow the London season. Two Queen Southampton recently were Sweeny, who have been draughts, he usually beats her

Miss Graham Had Her Hair Done

Another England-bound passenger on the Queen Mary was Erica Graham, granddaughter of the late Sir Herbert Maxwell, the gardening authority. She was found in the barber's shop

Dark and Light: Lady Moore, Lady Rothschild

An attractive night-life picture was made by Lady Moore, in a dark velvet coat with a feather muff, and Lady Rothschild, the Aryan wife of the fourth baron, in white ermine coat and cape. They were at supper together

Simone Simon, Now Dark-Haired

On Thursday of next week the Marquis de Casa Maury, the Cuban cinema director with a Papal title, will start his new venture in Lower Regent Street, the Paris Cinema, with a gala performance of *La Bête Humaine* in aid of the Feathers Club. Advance notices of this film whet the appetite indeed: it is produced by Jean Renoir (son of Pierre-Auguste), is drawn from—and faithfully follows—Zola's book, stars Jean Gabin as the engine-driver, and Simone Simon as Séverène, the femme fatale. The French railways have collaborated and this, added to Renoir's flair for detail, produces what has been heralded in France as the finest piece of cinema-work since *Pépé*. It will not be the first French film that Mlle. Simon has made since she left Hollywood—some say because it didn't like her, others because she didn't like it—for she is now playing in *Les Yeux Noirs* at the Berkeley; in that and in *La Bête Humaine* she appears with her light hair dyed black

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

"The Taming of the Shrew" (Old Vic)

THIS is a lively rather than a sympathetic production. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, faced by a Shakespearean comedy, seems always to be struck by the idea that it would be "great fun to produce it like a ballet." So, indeed, it may be. The trouble is that Shakespeare's comedies are not like ballets. One of the distinctive features of ballet is that it contains no words. One of the distinctive features of Shakespeare's comedies is that they contain, not merely lots and lots of words, but words ever so much better than those in any other comedies in the world. Even *The Taming of the Shrew* is full of them. They were written to be heard, not to be suppressed. And Mr. Guthrie, if he wishes to be regarded as a producer rather than a suppressor, should do his utmost to give every word full value, including Biondello's superb description of Petruchio's Rosinante, not one syllable of which gets across the footlights.

DURING the first part of the evening, so busy are the actors acting like actors acting before a drunken tinker (which method of attack would have been indicated in the text had it been intended) that the upshot is just a racket, with figures from the *commedia dell' arte* (Mr. Roger Furse has a fine fling) to divert the eye. The characters gabble their lines in between the seemingly more important operations of whacking each other and falling down. There being a limit to these humours, Petruchio appears at his wedding in corsets and then gets to work with the well-known Crazy-Gang-Christmas-Pantomime bowl of dough, slapping it on to the faces first of his servants and next of poor Katharine, what time Gremio skips through a rope of harlequinade sausages.

ONE gathers an impression that Mr. Guthrie does not really like this play, that he feels something has got to be "done" about it. The only thing to do about a play you don't like is not to produce it. To invent another play is indefensible unless you put your name on the programme as co-author with Shakespeare. Mr. Guthrie becomes co-author when he shows us Petruchio quaking with fear before he meets Katharine for the first time, since he must know that Shakespeare would have provided words to express this had it been in his mind. He becomes co-author again when Petruchio, calling for Katharine at the finish, betrays anxiety as to whether she will come. It is a blessing when, in the person of Miss Isabel Jeans, she does come, giving the last speech actually as though it had been written to be spoken and contorting nothing for the sake of anything else.

IN such a production, the taming of the shrew necessarily takes rather a back seat. Miss Jeans and Mr. Livesey, nevertheless, acquit themselves admirably. It would be a pleasure to see their contest fought on a field more suitably chosen. The greatest pleasure of the evening is the appearance of Mr. Robert Helpmann as (*a*) Gremio, (*b*) Nicholas, and (*c*) the Tailor—in the first and second of these characters he is excellent, in the last supreme. There is little doubt in my mind that Mr. Helpmann is our coming actor. One is torn between the feeling that it would be a catastrophe for him to leave the Wells and the feeling that it 's a catastrophe he doesn't. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to congratulate him on the certainty that he won't have to teach dancing, anyway.

Old man with young ideals: John Thackeray (Leslie Banks)

"The Man in Half Moon Street"

The sketches are by Rouson, of Barré Lyndon's thriller. Leslie Banks is the crook-scientist hero of the story, which is as improbable as its situations are exciting, on the stage at the New

(Photographs of "The Taming of the Shrew" are on pp. 56-57)

Superintendent Warren discourses on finger-prints (Michael Shepley)

Attentive audience: Lord Darley and daughter (Marcus Barron and Ann Todd)

German Professor with Scottish tastes: Dr. Ludwig Weisz (Malcolm Keen)

New York Letter

Heavens in Harlem

By Lorine Pruette

FATHER DIVINE establishes "heavens" in Harlem, where his followers are to live in celestial purity and never die. The Universal Negro Improvement Society would be inclined to use the name of the other place to characterise the whole black belt that stretches in Upper Manhattan from 110th Street to 150th. Here are crowded together the greater part of New York's coloured population, and here, too, are some of the hot-spots of New York night life. On the southern fringe is the Spanish colony, keeping to itself, while throughout the area the business of the community is in the hands of the chain stores, Jewish merchants, and Italian vendors. Even the ice is delivered by Italians, while the pool-rooms and relief offices are filled with unemployed negroes.

IN the giddy days before the Stock Market crash of 1929, it was fashionable, both among the literati and the circles of tired business men to go slumming in the Harlem night clubs. Americans, tired of innocence, sought "le dernier frisson" in dark little dives with fœtid air, noisy bands, bad liquor, suggestive dances, and not infrequent fights. Intellectuals talked about the negro's contribution to American culture, and one lady novelist, with more sentiment than sense, studied the blacks and whites dancing together, and declared this was "so Christian."

Negroes seldom carry guns, unless they have been inducted into one of the organised rackets, but many of them are active with the knife. It used to be the long, old-fashioned razor, but modern invention has changed this to the switch-blade, a wicked blade that flips out of the holder in less time than it takes to open a pocket-knife.

So there they used to be: black boys easy with a knife, the beat of the drums, and wise-cracking white boys with their pretty blonde girls. "You care about that girl?" a coloured proprietor spoke to a drunken white man. "Sure I do; I'm going to marry her." "Then get her out of here, quick, before something happens. And don't you never come back unless you're sober."

Out on the streets there was cause for alarm, with white men so aggressive towards coloured women that respectable women hesitated to walk out with their husbands, lest the knives should fly.

GRIM and dreadful poverty had Harlem in its grip, except for that little area called Sugar Hill, where the professional coloured people lived, doctors and Government employees, and sometimes—to their horror—the more successful prostitutes.

In ten years, 1920-1930, the coloured population of New York increased more than a hundred per cent. There was not enough work to go round. Boot-legging, the numbers' rackets, night-club entertainment, and peddling "reefers" could not take up the slack in employment. There was not enough to eat, in spite of the best efforts of the honest, hard-working coloured women who rose with the dawn to go all over the city, cleaning and cooking for fifty cents an hour.

THERE was plenty of basis for resentment in this economically unsound community. There were colourful figures around whom legends could grow. There was Mme. Stephanie St. Clair, queen of the numbers' racket until "Dutch" Schultz took it over. Madame's husband had taken the name of Sufi Abdul Hamid, claiming to be a Mohammedan, and even better pleased to be called the "Black Hitler." He was going to rescue his people from their troubles, but love got in the way of his being a saviour. Stephanie shot him for his faithlessness, wounding him slightly and going to prison herself; Sufi was killed in the airplane he had recently acquired.

There was Colonel Julian, going over to fight for Haile Selassie, and there was race pride in Harlem, demonstrations for Ethiopia, and the little Italian traders had a hard time.

In 1935 the riot was touched off by stories about a coloured boy who had been caught stealing. Nothing would convince the people that the boy had not been killed. Smash went the windows of the little shops kept by foreigners; in fact, some of them have never been reopened. Harlem has not been so popular for slumming parties since then.

HARLEM was moving downtown, anyway. The Cotton Club was on Broadway, with its vivid girl-show and superb music, and no mingling of white and black dancers. Swing bands appeared on 52nd Street, and Maxine Sullivan became the high priestess of the college boys, with her swing version of "Loch Lomond."

The "Savoy" and "Dickie Wells" hold out in Harlem, the first a great dance-hall, where some of the finest dancing in town is to be seen. The customers provide their own entertainment here. Dickie Wells offers hot music in a small place, where the coloured musicians congregate in the early hours of the morning. But the best show of all is put on by George Baker, in any one of his Heavens.

BACK in 1919 an unimpressive little negro began feeding people down on Long Island; anyone who came to him, white or black. His followers said he was God, and he did not deny this. Over in Harlem he set up lodging-houses that were clean and respectable, dining-rooms where a decent meal could be had for fifteen cents. He gave banquets, beginning with the coffee and working up to the baked hams and turkeys. While he read the paper, the sisters and brothers stood up to testify, shouting and stamping, crying "Peace, it's wonderful." His sermons sound a little like Gertrude Stein and more like the "flight of ideas" of a psychotic.

In court, however, he has managed to protect himself and never to reveal where he gets his tremendous revenue. Apparently his followers make over all their possessions to him. He separates husbands and wives, prohibiting the joys of the flesh. There is to be no sin, no disease, and no death in his Heavens.

And no race feeling. In his congregations the blacks welcome the whites with such gentleness and unselfconsciousness as to make it seem for the moment that he really has something. Then they swing into a song, and the building shakes with rhythm, violent seizures develop, and some of the followers have to be carted off to the psychopathic wards of Bellevue.

MOTHER HORN'S Church of the Air is one of the groups attempting to counteract the influence of Father Divine, and there are other sects also disputing his godhead, and maintaining the value of the family group which he destroys.

But Joe Louis is the hero of all Harlem, heavyweight boxing champion of the world. In 1937 he knocked out James J. Braddock and defeated Tommy Farr; in 1938 he knocked out Max Schmeling in one round. He made a popular marriage with a "real coloured girl," and he can have anything he wants in Harlem.

HARLEM is open to all the shifting currents and influences of these times. Poverty, hunger, and sudden death are familiars of its night-time streets, but on Sunday the young bloods dress up and walk smartly down the street, canes swinging, teeth flashing, stepping out, looking for fun—this side of Heaven.

"Peace, it's wonderful!" *—Father Divine and some of his disciples celebrate when he re-visits his Heaven No. 1 in Harlem*

Easter parade *— and these four immaculate young fellows show Miss Jimmie Handful how the well-dressed man-about-Harlem should look*

Late Season in Florida

Fashion Leader

Mrs. Edgar W. Garbisch is one of America's best-dressed women, like her sister, Mrs. Byron Foy, whom Paris dressmakers placed in the world's first ten last season. Their father, car-magnate Walter Chrysler, has taken one of the Jay O'Briens' Palm Beach villas

Golf Umbrella

Grace Amory is a crack golfer, so the umbrella is no affectation. She is also a good shot, as Perthshire knows. She shoots there with her stepfather, Herbert Pulitzer, the newspaper magnate, who always comes over for the grouse season

Alias Tie Silk

Mrs. Michael Phipps was dressed in tie silk, now known as surah, and very fashionable in Florida. She was Muriel Lane, of Bombay, before she married the famous American polo international, who is a cousin of Winston and Raymond Guest

Popular

Eleanor Young is a dark-haired young socialite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, of Park Avenue, who came out two years ago, and is the life of every party she goes to. She loves England, maybe she'll marry over here

Young Marrieds

Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer, Jr., and Mrs. Howell Van Gerbig are two of Palm Beach's young married beauties. Mrs. Tailer's father owns the famous private golf course at Newport, where the Tailer Bowl is played for every year. Mrs. Van Gerbig was Dorothy Fell, is a niece of Lady Granard

Beauty

Loveliest of all the brunettes at Palm Beach is Mrs. John R. Fell, Jr., sister-in-law of Mrs. Van Gerbig (see left), and niece by marriage of Lady Granard. Palm Beach has seldom been so full of socialites from New York so late in the season as this year

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

An ex-Major of Territorials rose up in the Press the other day to defend the British conscript in the last war, on whose value Sir Auckland Geddes has been casting a certain doubt. The Major said that in his experience this was rot, and conscripts were as tough as volunteers; which wasn't everybody's experience, certainly, though one occasionally came across some fine rosy deep-chested specimen of the Nordic Man who had kept fit by vigorously dodging the military and propaganda authorities, the Home Front warriors, the White Feather Girls, and indignant old ladies of every sex for a couple of years. The troops for the most part regarded such heroes with a weary, cynical humour, not unmixed with the respect soldiers accord all successful lead-swingers. But the most amusing thing about the whole business (in our degraded view) was the way the Island Race, always tremendously shocked by words, swallowed the dreadful word "conscription" instantly, meek as lambs. And twenty-odd years afterwards we're anxiously trying to find some polite synonym for it.

There are chaps who maintain that but for this recurring virginal modesty we might have had a rational peacetime conscription scheme in force years ago which would considerably have modified certain Continental policy, and might even have prevented the Great War; which last claim we doubt strongly. However, the Government are now fiddling with the awful word again, their cheeks hot and burning, like a highly-repressed spinster struggling weakly against the blandishments of some wicked, attractive foreigner with curly mustachios. Our feeling is that a Typical Island Compromise is the only way out. Huge fierce policemen driving the citizenry into uniform with shouts of "Jump to it—it's voluntary!" would do the trick, maybe.

"Now try once again, sir. You're getting warmer"

Laurel

As lovers, in a humble wambling way, of the light fantastic Muse, we would like to place on record our judgment, for what it's worth, that Auntie *Times* rang the bell the other day very elegantly with a third leader on stranded whales; a pretty piece of persiflage in which such virile modern words as "hooey" and "pan" were boldly used, baffling the Athenæum Gang probably not a little. (Ask the boys in the Back Room what they had.) It isn't every day that Auntie's light third leader arrides us. Quite often it turns out to be a bit false and priggish, like the dry sniggering of dons when a guest makes a slip in a Vergilian cliché owing to carelessness or, equally likely, drink. Sometimes, under a tight prim smile, it conceals with difficulty insular prejudices of a quite Yahooish and alarming kind, and sometimes it's like an Archdeacon gone whimsy, a rather terrible spectacle. But every now and again Auntie hires somebody to write her third leader who knows his onions, if this coarse phrase is permissible, and the result is not seldom what we in the Fleet Street underworld call a Fair Ruddy Treat. For this sole reason, whenever we hear anybody declaiming against the Astor régime and its fair vivacious chatelaine, we up and hit them on the jaw; for barely a dozen years ago the *Times* was almost as firm an enemy to good fun and nonsense, dignified or otherwise, as the B.B.C.; not to speak of the old National Cheeriweerie. But now through the shadow of the *Globe* we sweep, as Slogger Tennyson remarked, into a larger day.

"Metcalfe, see if there's something you can interest the gentleman in"

We mention the *Globe*, which so lamentably passed out just after the Great War, because, along with the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Cust's editorship, it was the ideal metropolitan newspaper, written by wits and gentlemen for gentlemen and wits. Old Maestro P. G. Wodehouse first burst on the ravished town in its "By the Way" column, in which E. V. Lucas and Harry Graham and "Saki" and a dozen other aces regularly appeared. You got the news in the *Globe* as well, without hysteria or vulgarity, and there was no writing down, thank God, to the Women's Angle. It's the women who have degraded Fleet Street to its present deplorable level, and we don't care which of those babies hears us say it, because we're hiding in the depths of Sussex and will never be taken alive.

Double

The few millionaires we know are simple, drab, and rather boring chaps, too rapt in the degrading service of the Golden Calf to take much interest in anything else, except possibly golden calves. But we observe that when they die they get marvellous obituaries from Auntie *Times* and others showing them to have been full of intellect and charm, powerful thinkers and spiritual leaders and loved by all. The fact also invariably emerges that they were at their desks at 4.30 a.m. daily all through life, which strikes us as the supremest folly, and a tedious and cretinous thing to boast of, for the very rich have no earthly need to get up at all, having legions of anxious serfs to make money for them. However, we did read in the papers the other day of a millionaire who struck out a new line. Most of the boys feel like Napoleon and deem themselves sooner or later to be his reincarnation; which inspires a great deal of rather rude and overbearing

behaviour at times. But this one actually *looked* like Napoleon.

He never seems to have exploited this resemblance—the one you saw in Piccadilly in a cocked hat on a white horse was probably George Arliss—like a lady of tender years we saw billed at a suburban music-hall the other day as Shirley Temple's Double, or like that cluster or gaggle of Hollywood sweethearts who descended on London recently, their claim to fame being that they look exactly like well-known film stars. A curious way of making a career, we thought, wondering idly if the morons who turned out to cheer them at Victoria were also doubles or understudies of the fans who mob their counterparts. We then wondered what it would feel like if the Editor announced us on this page as Beau Macdonell's double. We decided it would feel fine, but that to have a lot of Society hostesses hanging round this page every week giving us luscious, longing œillades pregnant with meaning would be rather a bore.

Rap

REBUKING the firemen of a little Suffolk town recently for calling their captain "Percy," the local magnate, mentor, or sourpuss involved was apparently unaware that he was adding one more (totally undeserved) giggle or snort to the Great Firemen Comedy Legend. Why public servants who devotedly and continuously risk their lives in our behoof should be connected with light comedy it 's difficult to understand ; but they are. The Press of the British Comic Underworld battens on the fireman joke as conscientiously as on any other type, the rescue of enormous housewives, shrinking spinsters, or saucy underdressed hussies from top floors being the base of the joke week by week (and oddly enough when a genuine, if mild, comedy situation crops up in real life, such as a fire-brigade captain turning up in tails and white tie from a party, the fun boys make nothing of it). In France the provincial *sapeur-pompier* provides a sufficiency of recognised fun and laughter also : his solemnly martial allure on occasions of municipal ceremony ; the brazen music emitted by his bands ; the ever-arriding evolutions of stout sweating citizens marching in uniform. And the art boys take a rather cruel stab at the fireman by occasionally describing some canvas of emphatic banality and mediocre charm as "l'art pompier."

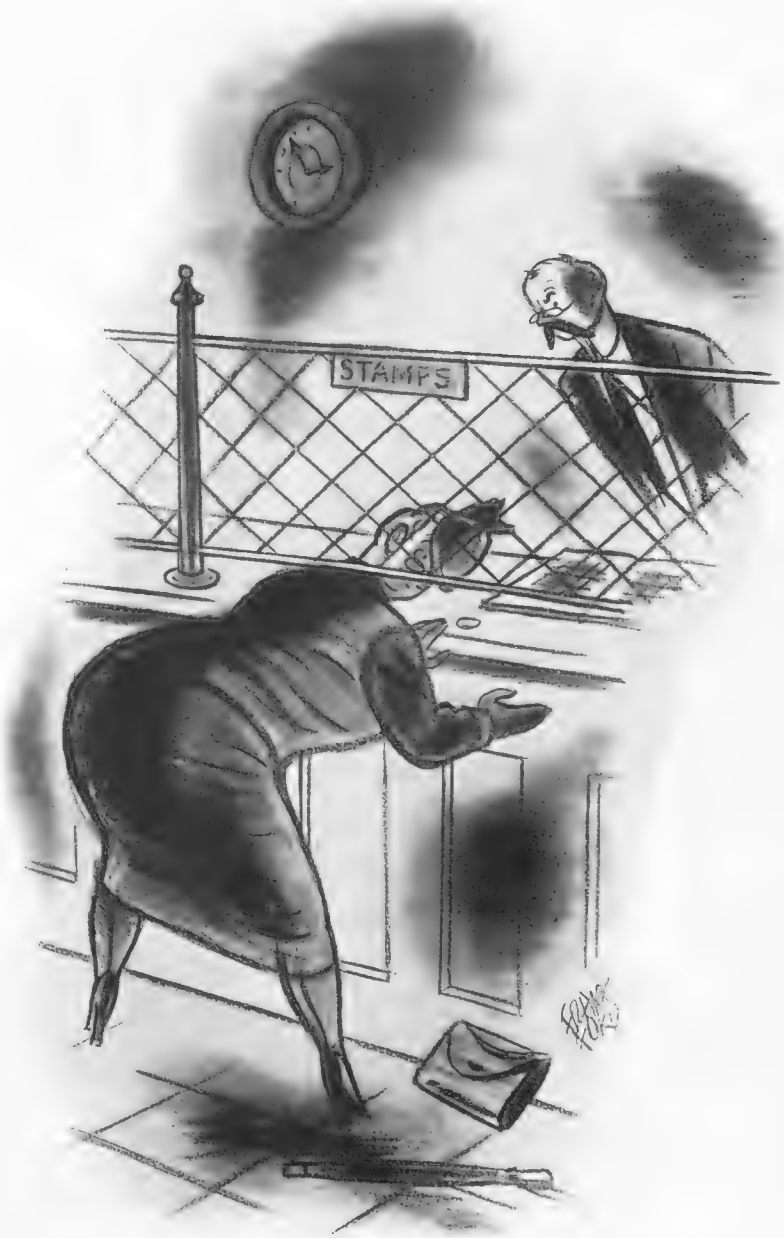
By way of compensation every civilised metropolis costumes its firemen superbly and admires them without restraint, especially Mother London, who fears her just doom, the ginny old haybag, and tries to placate the Furies by dressing her firemen in gorgeous great helmets of flashing gold—how primly drab the black headgear of the firemen of Paris looks by comparison—and splendid great jackboots, as gallant a turn-out as the Guards. But whether Mother London's firemen really like saving bits of Mother London which ought to have been destroyed, as every decent person knows, generations ago, we 've never been able to discover.

Jamboree

PHONEY but not vulgar, we dare prophesy, will be the mingling of Welch and Bretons at the forthcoming "Inter-Celtic Gorsedd" at Vannes, Brittany. Phoney because a modern Breton Celt has about as much in common with a modern Welch Celt—barring certain similarities in the language of both—as an Eskimo has with a Tierra del Fuegan ; and phoney also because we perceive the Welch pseudo-Druidic stuff, invented by the Germans in Victoria's reign, is apparently on the menu, the Arch-Druid having been invited. We thought the Bretons were too sensible to encourage this poohbah. They have several obvious advantages over the Welch, never having chucked away their heritage at the command of a foreign king, and we should have thought one of the many Breton eminents in art or letters would by now have tried to argue the Welch out of this childish folly of dressing up like druids (but omitting oddly enough the human sacrifices to which those hairy bores were prone).

But no. No voice comes from Armor begging the Cymry to snap out of it and be themselves. The dark mysterious spirits which brood and wail over Morbihan and Finisterre and their mystic seas are concerned with their own sorrows, and the Breton Nationalists are too busy blowing up monuments commemorating French oppression to give a damn for the spectacle of Welch pastors walking about in green nighties, a blot on the Celtic imagination if ever there was one. Loving and being sorry for the Welch, we propose getting hold of a Breton intellectual after this jamboree and asking him what he thinks. Charles Le Goffic, the great Breton folklorist, expresses no opinion at all on the Druid stuff, being at once too polite and, we guess, too weighed down with embarrassment and shame. It isn't even as if anybody ever got a jab or a swipe with that silly Big Sword of Peace for crying the wrong come-back when the Gorsedd opens.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Serves you right — why can't you ask for your stamps like everyone else?"

Films of the Day

Deanna Grows Up; Simone Comes Home

By George Campbell

DEANNA DURBIN is the critic's despair. After all, there are only so many ways of saying "charming," and when you 've used them all up, what is left? You just sit, and smell the critics' flowers, like Ferdinand the Bull, and feel very, very happy.

Possibly *Three Smart Girls Grow Up* isn't as superlatively brilliant as 100 *Men and a Girl*. It has no scene quite as exciting as the one where the girl induced the great conductor to listen to the hundred hungry musicians, with the music heightening emotion induced by the knowledge that they were all playing, literally, for their lives. But it is still very good. It tells an amusing, human story about real people, with one or two effective touches of pathos and comedy as agreeable as the year is likely to bring us, unless 1939 turns out a lot better than 1938.

This time it is the two elder sisters who provide the leitmotiv. One of them is in love with the other's fiancé, and feeling pretty miserable about it. Penny (Deanna Durbin) is distressed, but the kindly butler tells her not to worry. A young man, tall, dark and handsome, will come along, and the sister's broken heart will mend. Penny, being the sort of girl we all know her to be, conceives a bright idea. "Tall, dark and handsome" . . . Every man she meets is surveyed as a likely prospect, until she fastens on a musician. She asks him to dinner, watches with surprise, consternation and finally rage while he proceeds to fall visibly in love with the engaged sister, and——

But let the picture tell its story. Miss Durbin has never acted or sung better; she has strong support from the old favourites, and the newcomer, Robert Cummings, who so disobligingly pays his attentions to the wrong sister, succeeds in being young and fresh and amusing without being gauche or ill-mannered, which is something of a feat for a Hollywood actor, or any other actor. Or am I just growing middle-aged and bitter?

"LES YEUX NOIRS" is a French drama of Czarist Russia, with situations as fundamentally stale as the theme song. It is redeemed, as French films generally are, by the high quality of the acting. The central figure is a head-waiter, played by Harry Baur. He is clever, ambitious and unscrupulous, not above passing on financial tips overheard at the tables or arranging private rooms for public figures and their pretty girl-friends.

One day the boomerang comes back. Believe it or not, he has succeeded in keeping his daughter in ignorance of his profession, and whom does she develop a passion for but the head-waiter's best and most heartless client. Very powerfully, M. Baur depicts the conflict in the man's mind as he watches his daughter vanish into the room where so many other young women have gained experience, the agony of soul with which he hangs about outside the door, listening to the cunningly selected music, checking up the amount of wine consumed, feverishly forbidding waiters to leave the pair alone. The show-down is directed with restraint, and my only criticism of the picture, apart from the familiarity of the plot, is the slowness of the tempo in the early scenes and the too-facile happy ending.

M. Baur holds the eye, as he always does, effortlessly; Mlle. Simone Simon, who was a failure in Hollywood, combines innocence with guile quite ravishingly; and Jean Max and Jean Pierre-Aumont, as the professional seducer and the girl's idealistic young music-master, could hardly be bettered.

"MADE FOR EACH OTHER" is an American morality, with James Stewart and Carole Lombard as Mr. and Mrs. Everyman. The mother-in-law nags, the baby gets pneumonia, and the husband is passed over for promotion at the office. Add that every post brings letters beginning "Dear Sir,—Unless . . ." and you have a reasonably accurate picture of a young married couple enjoying the happiness and facing the difficulties that come to young married couples the world over. The writing is sound, the direction at once sensitive and firm, and the acting first-class all round. James Stewart has always been one of the most intelligent actors on the screen; Miss Lombard has never done anything so sincere or so free from the tricks that used to mar her work.

"FAST AND LOOSE" is a sequel to *Fast Company*, with Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell in the parts played before by Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice. They are both polished comedians and if the story were as good—but it isn't, or can it be that one is just growing a little tired of the formula? All the same, *Fast and Loose* has some lively moments and good lines, and even if you aren't exactly electrified you probably won't be bored.

I WISH I could say as much of *Inspector Hornleigh*, the first of a series starring the team of Gordon Harker and Alastair Sim. The story isn't bad, the dialogue isn't good, Mr. Sim isn't funny, and the murders are about as exciting as discovering three dead cats on your doorstep.

LET me end by begging you to make a point of seeing, when it shows up again, a modest little American picture called *A Man to Remember*. It is the story of a small-town doctor, rather pitied even by his son as a failure, often paid (when he is paid at all) in eggs and potatoes and sucking-pigs. He never makes any sensational discovery. He just goes on delivering children, and performing operations for the wage of a gravedigger, and fighting epidemics, in one case at the cost of being struck off the register by fellow-practitioners afraid of the effect of adverse publicity on the county fair. He works hard and dies poor, and perhaps his Shade enjoys an ironical chuckle at the spectacle of 4000 fellow-citizens following him to his grave. A simple story is made moving by its reality and homely idealism, and saved from sentimentality by many a touch of barbed characterisation and sardonic humour. Altogether a film to see, and decidedly a film to remember.

A Smart Girl Grows Up

Deanna Durbin, no longer a child but not quite fully adolesced, plays rather a Shirley Temple role in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" (Leicester Square; reviewed above)—that is, she puts things to rights with her two elder sisters' love affairs, singing the while. Here with Robert Cummings, one of the men she "manages"

***Anna Lee's** papier maché double is stockinged by a serious young man in the paint shop, watched by gunner Samson*

***Meanwhile** Samson, a Russian strong man who lent his cannon and services to the film company, prepares the infernal machine*

***The real Anna** makes a shot beside the cannon, introduced to the audience of the music-hall by Billy Bennett (almost a Hussar). Notice the chalk marks giving dispositions*

Young Man's Fancy is the name of a film that Robert Stevenson has just finished directing under Michael Balcon at Ealing. Its story, how a Duke's son (Griffith Jones) meets a music-hall girl (Anna Lee), is ordinary, but the meeting is original—she is shot out of a cannon into his lap. Stevenson did not want to risk Anna Lee's life or limb, either as director or as husband, so a dummy was fired instead, as here demonstrated

Blank Ammunition

"Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth"

***In :** the dummy Anna Lee is carefully muzzle-loaded into Samson's cannon*

***Out :** the "star" shoots, bound for ducal romance, while the cameras turn*

Gardener's Chronicle

The Cold and its Results

By R. C. Jenkinson

Blanche Henrey

***Prunus incisa** is a free-flowering cherry, with half-inch, rather flat flowers. Grown as a bush, rather than a standard, it is a solid mass of white in April*

A Set-back

An infernal spell of cold weather from the steppes of Siberia has come to reprimand those trees and shrubs which, more venturesome than some, decided that the warm sunny days of a fortnight ago had heralded in a genuine spring. But they had counted without the vagaries of March—most accursed of months—which, if it elects to produce cold, produces a more biting, benumbing form than one gets at any other time of year. As I write, a tree of Malus Eleyi is showing a reddish-brown haze of half-opened foliage through my library window—a condition in which it has remained stationary for the past ten days. Luckily, I have got, on the *right* side of the window, a little pot of the new jasmine, Jasminum polyanthum, with three or four sprays of long-tubed starry white flowers, most deliciously sweet. If grown out of doors, or in a cold house, the buds are crimson, but in a warm house they are very pale pink. It is none too hardy, having been killed this winter in two or three gardens I know of, but for warm, sheltered gardens, or planted out in a cool house, there are few more charming early spring climbers. As it strikes easily and flowers when young, small plants in pots make a very pleasant addition to our drawing-room bill-of-fare.

I had not realised before this spring how long Pieris (Andromeda) japonica will keep fresh if picked: it is now over three weeks since I brought a few sprays into the house, and they are just as clear and white as on the day I cut them.

Pæonies must be about the hardiest of herbaceous plants: they push up their shoots, some green, some bronze, some dark glossy red, and even show their buds in early March, and no frost or chilly winds seem to harm them. They bide their time until milder weather follows, and yet they look so tender and vulnerable in an alpine house or a sunny nook or rock-bank. The lovely P. Cambessedesii from Corsica and the Balearic Isles is showing its shell-pink cups standing twelve or fifteen inches high amid the purplish foliage.

Dwarf Plants

Another pink delight for early April is Primula rosea, but there is nothing pale about this; it is the purest clear rose-pink. The first flowers open when the stalk is only an inch or two tall, the remainder opening as its growth elongates up to seven or eight inches. It is easy to grow, and easy to increase, by seed or division, happy in any moist place, but best placed by a stream, where its roots can wander in the deep moist soil.

Primula Juliæ, with crinkled kidney-shaped leaves clinging to the ground, and large, magenta-purple flowers sitting almost stalkless upon them, has been out some time. Its offspring, P. Wanda, has larger, brighter flowers, with less blue in them; these two are both very accommodating, either in a rock garden or in front of an ordinary herbaceous planting, creeping happily about and only asking not to be broiled by too hot sun. Adonis amurensis makes quite a good companion, never failing to open in March its golden goblets, as do any of the Megasea section of Saxifrage. These are so different from either the mossy or crusted "rockfoils," or again from that fine bog plant, S. peltata, or from "London Pride." They have large, leathery, rounded leaves, bronze-green or reddish-purple, with short flower-scapes of lilac-pink flowers; the whole plant is never more than eighteen inches high. Palmonaria angustifolia is a long-suffering plant; it is so easy anywhere that I frequently see it in the most unseemly places, like a piece of coal dropped off its lorry. But it should be planted in groups as an undergrowth amongst shrubs, or as a groundwork for daffodils. It bears a plentiful supply of nine-inch sprays of brilliant trumpet-shaped blue flowers, over rough mottled foliage, and is the best of the lung-worts.

Shrubs

Prunus incisa is outstanding—as free-flowering as any cherry could be; it has small-toothed leaves and half-inch, rather flat flowers, with each petal notched. While it can be grown as a standard, I much prefer it as a bush, when in early April it will become one solid mass of white, so closely are the twigs wreathed in flower.

Rhododendron Fargesii is in good looks just now. It is rather a stiff bush, up to, say, ten feet, with greyish-green leaves and cherry buds which open to bell-shaped, light-pink flowers. It is undoubtedly hardy, but likes a protected position if it is to display its generous crop of flowers.

For those who can appreciate form and foliage, and wait for flower, Rhododendron calophytum is one of the finest of its race. It is a rigidly-branched large shrub, each branch terminated by a rosette of ten-inch lanceolated light-green leaves, a good specimen forming a perfect umbrella. The flowers are carried in great trusses in March or April, white or pale pink, with a black-purple blotch in the throat. It is remarkably hardy, but likes a cool position in woodland, where the wind cannot batter its fine foliage, for that is one of the great charms of the shrub.

Let not caution temper too much your enthusiasm for experience. I planted out in December—very foolishly—a three-foot Acacia against a south wall. Of course, it was killed, as so many Acacias have been killed this winter, even in gardens where they make an annual feature; but no! when I went last week to dig it out and plant something else, I found the Acacia happily breaking away from the base, and I have no doubt that by next October it will be four feet high. The past two decades have amply proved the folly of cowardice in testing out-of-doors plants believed to be tender. Acacia dealbata, Baileyana, or longifolia grow so fast, and flower so freely in a young state, that they eminently deserve a warm wall; I speak of cold gardens, for there are many places where these, and A. melanoxyla and others will live well in the open, to produce annually their masses of cream, lemon, or golden fluffy flowers.

Lee Garmes

Princess Priscilla Bibesco

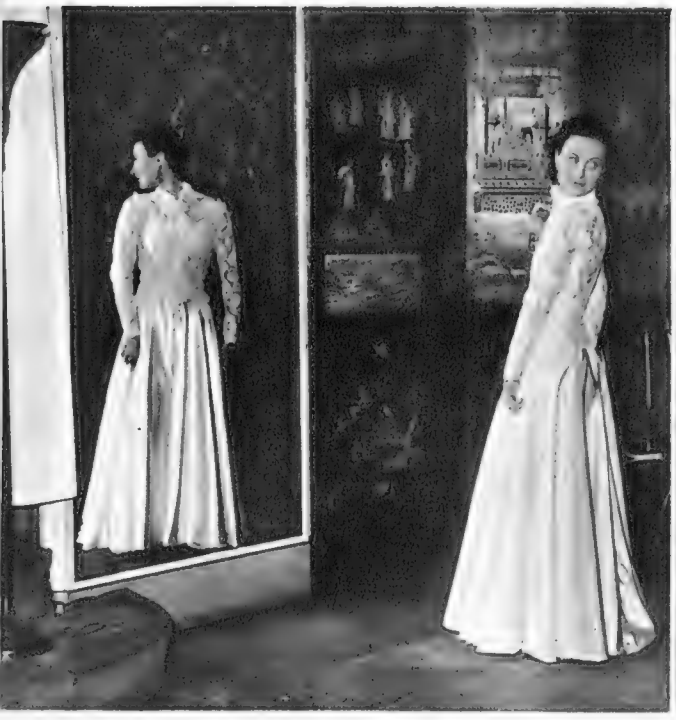
Priscilla Bibesco, nineteen, has a parentage which mixes old Roumanian and new English aristocracy. Her father, Prince Antoine Bibesco, a cadet of one of Roumania's top families descending from old boyar nobles who were sovereigns of Wallachia, married Elizabeth Asquith, the first Lord Oxford's younger daughter, in 1919. They had met when he was First Secretary at the Roumanian Legation in London; after the war he was made Minister to Spain. Now the Antoine Bibescos alternate between London, their Paris house on the Quai Bourbon, and the family home at Corcova, near Strehaia, in Roumania, so Princess Priscilla has a cosmopolitan existence and several languages are second nature to her. She was presented at one of King George's Coronation Courts by her mother, has recently been over here to stay with her grandmother, Lady Oxford, in Bedford Square. Princess Marthe Bibesco, the authoress (*Katia* was made from one of her books), is married to the head of the family, Prince Valentine, and is consequently Priscilla Bibesco's aunt

The "Bysta

Michèle

***Film Stars** can't afford not to keep fit*

WE have already told you, from time to time, quite a lot about Michèle Morgan in this magazine: how she ran away from home at fifteen because her parents didn't share her faith in her film-stellar future; how she got a screen-test by luck, and by skill got a lead—in *Gribouille*; how that led to *Orage* and *Quai des Brumes* and stardom. To bring the story up to date, let us take you to the sixteenth arrondissement in Paris—the increasingly fashion-



***Couturiers** are delighted to let Mlle. Morgan try their models*

***Lunch** is yoghourt, fruit, wine and the telephone*

***He suggests** trading his wares*

nder" visits

Morgan

So Michèle doesn't always stand on her dignity

able quarter between the Quai de Passy and the Bois, where the Windsors' Boulevard Suchet lies. Here, in the Rue Raynouard, Michèle Morgan has a modest flat. Here she spared time from work and play to receive a photographer, with the surrounding result. Work at present means *La Loi du Nord*, a huskie-Mountie Canadian film under Jaques Feyder, which she has started after winter-sporting at Megève after finishing *Récif de Corail* with Ufa

against a signed photograph

***Interior decorators** can't teach her*

***Choosing** rings, she prefers heavy cameos*

" What is your crest? A coxcomb? " " A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen." Petruchio's wooing begins with exchange of ribaldries and blows

" Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you be too angry." Kate replies: " If I be waspish best beware my sting." More manhandling follows

"She's madly mated": Petruchio (Roger Livesey) woos Katharine (Ursula Jeans)

" I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go," says Kate under difficulties—

—" No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle," replies gymnastic Petruchio

"I am Christophero Sly. Call me not honour, lordship. I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, no more shoes than feet—nay, sometimes more feet than shoes" : Edward Chapman as the drunken tinker

"The Taming of the Shrew"

Under Guthrie the Shakespeare Farce Tries to Become a Modern Knockabout

The Taming of the Shrew opened at the Old Vic as March was going, not entirely lamb-like, out. The play itself came in like a lion and continues so, for producer Tyrone Guthrie lets his penchant for slapstick have full play, and Katharine is tamed in no uncertain manner, at one time being the target for lumps of dough in the Hollywood tradition. Ursula Jeans, who plays Katharine, and Roger Livesey, who makes a swashbuckling Petruchio, are man and wife in private, too, and far be it from any critic to draw conclusions about their married life from their stage behaviour. Esmé Percy is Baptista, Katharine's father; Pamela Brown is Bianca, her sister; Robert Helpmann is Gremio, Bianca's suitor; and Edward Chapman is boosey Chris Sly, for whom the show is put on. Mr. Farjeon's review of *The Taming of the Shrew* is on page 45

Photographs by Anthony

Below: Robert Helpmann as the withered Gremio

"I. . Call'd plain Katè and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst" : Ursula Jeans

The Royal Academy of Music

Harps: *women are more usually employed for these instruments by orchestras than men*

Organ: *Dr. Rhodes gives a lesson on the three-manual instrument in the Duke's Hall*

Rehearsal: *Sir Hen of his vigorous baton. Bel*

THE Royal Academy of Music was founded in 1822 by John, eleventh Earl of Westmorland, and its royal connection was at once started by an annual subscription of a hundred guineas from George IV. This monarch further evinced his interest by granting the Academy a royal charter in 1830; his successors have followed his example and to-day the R.A.M. has five royal patrons, headed by the King, and a royal president (the Duke of Connaught). Westmorland's modest foundation started its work with twenty students in a house off Hanover Square; surrounding houses were added until the Academy had absorbed six and could grow there no more; so in 1910 work was started on the new building in the Marylebone Road, and the Academy moved over in 1911. To-day there are over a hundred and forty professors, six floors of classrooms, a concert hall, and a library containing valuable MSS. and instruments. Not the least worthy R.A.M. organisation is its large number of honorary local representatives who tend the shrine of the muse in every part of the kingdom and empire

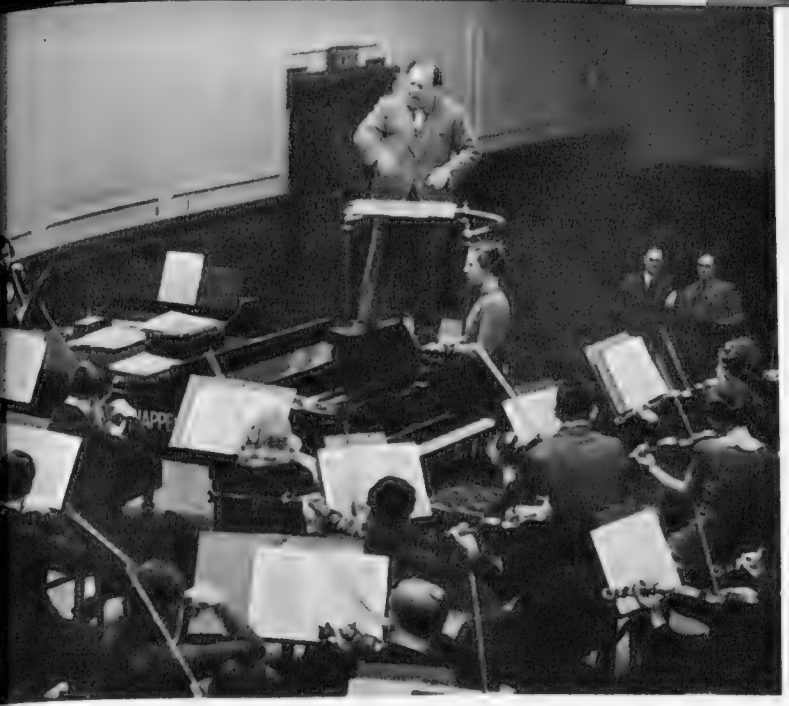
Father and daughter: *Arth violin at the R.A.M.; his daugh*

Drum: *she taps the parchment to test the pitch*

Photographs by Louis Tasker

'Cellos *take up the melody in orchestral practice*

Flutes: *note again the predominance of girl students*

Violin: *students call it the mo*

Wood, a Fellow of the Academy, gives the senior orchestra a taste
the desk stands Margaret Mullins, student-composer of the work being played

The Principal: *Dr. Stanley Marchant, C.V.O., the head of the Royal Academy of Music, listens to a rehearsal*

Cotterall, recently leader of the B.B.C. Orchestra, teaches
Audrey is a first violin in the senior orchestra (above)

Conducting *instruction is in the hands of Sir Henry Wood and Ernest Read; here the latter gives a lesson beneath a portrait of Julia Neilson-Terry to Laci Boldemann, nephew of Sibelius*

difficult but the most satisfying

French Horn: *yards of brass pipes need gallons of breath*

Trombones: *good training for boxing and billiards*

Chamonix — the Coupe de Grande Bretagne

Colette Schmitt *started as Number One and ended in the same place—she won the ladies' race for the Ski Club de Chamonix, who were hosts to the meeting*

Gabriella Ansbacher *was second in the ladies' race. Although she is a crack Italian ski-er, she entered for the event from the Ski Club of Great Britain*

Dolly Pastré, *a member of the Ski Club de Paris and daughter of Comte Jean Pastré, was a spectator, although herself a fine ski-er*

Albert Brandicourt *is the Délégué Sportif of the Ski Club de Chamonix, which ran the meeting. With him is "Patsy" Richardson, who was the representative of the Ski Club of Great Britain at Chamonix*

Three Canadians *in the race were Ted Zinkan, Lukin Robinson, and Louis Cochand, who were 9th, 4th and 7th respectively. With them was Yvonne Rolph, who was ninth in the ladies' race, one place behind her sister Peggy. The races were run in heavy snow on the glacier track*

Vincent Budge *entered from the Ski Club of Great Britain, and came in twelfth. The Cup was won by a Chamonix ski-er, A. Brandicourt*

Stephen Tennant *was another of the Ski Club of Great Britain entries, and arrived home thirteenth. The Coupe de Grande Bretagne is a new event this season*

Charles Bertrand *won third place for the Ski Club de Chamonix, which on its own terrain had the lion's share of the first arrivals home*

"Bystander" Short Story

Sister Act

By Betty Askwith

Illustration by Reinganum

I saw them first on the platform station at Los Angeles. They looked completely —what, indeed, they were—second-rate vaudeville on tour. They were absurdly alike, and they made the most of it. Their imitation leopard-skin coats seemed to match to a spot, their small, cheap, saucy hats were tilted at precisely the same angle, their artificially blonde curls swung on to their shoulders at the same length to a hair's breadth. I didn't take much more than a passing glance at them—I 'd things of my own to occupy my mind. I was leaving the West for what seemed like the last time. I was going back to London to my family as a failure. I 'd had some grand times in Mexico, some perfectly lousy times in Los Angeles, and some mixed times in San Francisco. I had all this to think of as I stood looking out on the station quarter of Los Angeles, where the cheap bars and the cheap rooming-houses and the cheap mission halls are all compounded in one unlovely tangle, making probably the most ghastly, God-awful district in the whole earth.

I was less set on introspection by the time I sat opposite Lou at dinner on the first day out. Twelve hours in a green plush tourist Pullman, crossing the Arizona desert, without a soul to speak to, give you all the time you want to think of things. I was quite ready for a little conversation. Lou opened the ball by remarking thickly that what I was eating looked like good cheese, "and I ought to know," he told me, "because I was a grocer once." He was an amusing, friendly little man just about half-drunk, which made it difficult to catch all he said, but I gathered that he was now a drummer in a swing band, Joe Henkel's band, that was going on a tour in Texas and Louisiana, starting with a two-weeks' stand at a cinema in Houston, Tex. What the intervening stages between the grocery and the band were I don't know, although he told them to me—but by the end of dinner we were more than friendly, and he asked me to come back to car Y, which was their special Pullman, and have a drink and meet the boys. The boys, most of whom were playing poker in their shirt-sleeves, were pleasant and easy to get on with. And there in the midst of them was the sister act, looking more alike than ever. They were attached to the band in the capacity of crooners, and they were introduced to me as Fay and May Leroy. I scored an immediate success owing to my English accent. The girls thought it lovely, "ever so refined," and Lou was tickled to death by it. Whenever I made a remark he would hold up his hand in ecstasies: "Lissen," he 'd say, "isn't that cute? Just lissen to the way he says it. Say that again, son." It was a nice party. They couldn't have been kinder or more friendly. The air got thick with cigarette-smoke and the floor looked a bit of a shambles, what with the stubs and the ash and the bits of old newspaper and orange-peel and silver paper, and this and that that does accumulate on floors. The negro attendant padded up and down, and we bought coffee and cheese sandwiches and coca-cola, and someone had a bottle of rye and Lou and I and Red sat swapping stories about Arkansaw, mine sending the other two into hysterics, not because of their intrinsic worth but because a story about Arkansaw in an English accent seemed to tickle them to death. One of the girls was curled up agreeably against me, very soft and warm, her blonde hair just tickling my cheek. I know from subsequent information that it must have been Fay.

I know this because the other girl was sitting opposite and she picked up my book which I 'd brought along with me. It was a copy in English of the *Guermantes Way*, by Proust. She turned over the pages, and after a bit she said rather timidly:

"This seems a very *nice* book."

I said well it was in some ways quite a nice book. Encouraged, she ventured further:

"I mean, it seems to have kinda a nice thought on every page, if you know what I mean."

I thought that was rather sweet, and I thought I 'd find out which of them it was that said it, and it turned out to be May.

Well, what with one thing and another, we didn't get to bed till after Tucson, Arizona, and that was nearly two o'clock in the morning. We tumbled out on the platform at Phœnix and bought apples and cigarettes at the station buffet. It was a lovely night. Thousands and thousands of stars, like diamonds in jewellers' shops on a background of black velvet, and the air blowing warm and sweet and dry off the desert. One of the girls had her arm linked in mine, and her body was moulded up against the side of mine, so I could feel it from my ankle to my shoulder. I don't know now which of them it was. It was then I first noticed how ill Marty, the piano-player, was looking; he was a big, fat man with horn-rim glasses, and the curves of his heavy, fleshy face under the station lamp were green in colour and the sweat stood out on his forehead. The girl who wasn't leaning against me proffered him an apple and said:

"How 're you doin', Marty?"

He replied: "Guess I 'm all right," but it looked like it was an effort for him to speak, and I saw Red and Lou exchange glances behind his back.

"What 's the matter with him?" I asked Lou when we were back on the train again.

"He 's sick—he 's mighty sick. He would come. He don't want to lose the job. He 's got four or five kids, but it looks like we 'll have to get a new ivory-thumper before we 're through with this tour. Say here, kid, why don't you stop off at Houston and come along with us for a bit? You aren't in such a damn hurry, and we all like you. As for the girls, they 're crazy about you."

I thought I would. I thought it would be fun. I was in no hurry to get back to England and I 'd a little money left and if I was going to write, maybe it would be interesting and different. Also, I think I had it in the back of my mind then that if Marty did go sick—well, I 'd played the piano in an amateur jazz-band at Oxford—I thought maybe I 'd be able to manage.

After four or five days he did go sick and went into hospital and I took his place. It wasn't as easy as I 'd expected, and I only kept the job the first week or so by gross favouritism. It was the girls who did it, really. They got round Jim Waldstein, deputy band leader, and waxed him into it. I 'm not sure one of them didn't sleep with him one night to clinch the deal, but that I was never sure of. Meanwhile, I was having a roaring flirtation with them both. I didn' t know which was which and they didn't seem to care. They told me it always happened, and that people used to call them Fay-May or May-Fay in order to be on the safe side. I got on fine with them both. Goodness knows what first made me distinguish May from her sister. After a bit I saw she was utterly different. She was quieter and more serious. It was always Fay who was in the lead. She had a funny, sweet, shrewd way of commenting on things which Fay hadn't got at all. She wasn't

(*Concluded on page 62*)

Sister Act

(Continued from page 61)

tough a bit, and she had a tiny, tiny mole just behind the left ear which it was heaven to kiss. It lay in a little hollow, from which the tiny blonde curls had to be pushed away to get at, and which was fragile and warm and soft like a baby's neck.

As soon as Fay realised what had happened, she was unbelievably jealous. She knew it one morning when I met her in a cafeteria and said: "Hulloa, Fay." She said at once:

"How did you know I was *Fay*?"

I might have said I was taking a chance or that I'd just met May, or anything, but it never occurred to me. I suppose if I'd thought about it at all I might have thought she'd be flattered. I just said: "Oh, I know you apart now." I never realised she'd be so darn quick. In a way, of course, it made things easier, because she was so horribly unpleasant to both May and myself that May had to choose. Otherwise loyalty might have kept her from me. As it was, she came to me gladly. We planned I'd keep this job as long as I could—I was doing much better now—and save a little money. Then we'd go some place and I'd get a job in a band or in a cinema. She said it wouldn't be too difficult with a good reference from Joe Henkel; his band was well known and much respected. Then we'd have a tiny apartment somewhere and get married and settle down. I said she wasn't to do any more crooning after this tour was finished and she said she'd be glad not to. She hated audiences and late nights and having a bit too much to drink. She would never have gone in for it if this remarkable likeness hadn't seemed to make it the natural thing. She was more than a bit worried over Fay, because, after all, what was a sister act unless there were two of you? But I said I thought she'd always be able to get engagements—she was a tough girl and well able to look after herself.

I gathered from May that in every other way she'd be glad to break off from her sister. This likeness business was really no joke. For Fay, who just liked good times and indiscriminate petting and plenty of parties, it was all right, but for May, who was affectionate and really liked individuals, it was agony. Several times she told me she'd got a bit fond of a young man, and then she hated to see him taking Fay for her, perhaps for a whole evening.

"I used to feel," she told me, "as if I weren't a real person at all. And I used to wonder in the night if anyone would ever find out about me. If anyone would ever know that here was a May who was complete and could be loved. Oh, darling!"

We played in a cinema in New Orleans for three weeks, and then we had a week off before starting back to Los Angeles. May and I slipped off by ourselves and spent that week in a small white town on the Gulf of Mexico. Just what heaven it was is nobody's business. Once in the night May woke up crying, but even that turned out good because I could hold her in my arms in the dark and murmur silly, endearing little words and kiss away the tears on her eyelids.

When we got back we found Lou at the hotel looking out for us.

"I've got bad news for you, dear," he said to May.

"What's wrong with Fay?" she asked.

"She's been taken sick. I don't think it's very serious—they'll let her out of hospital any minute—but she sort of fainted at a party, and——"

"Go on, Lou."

"And—well, it seems she spat up some blood. She didn't want us to see, but Jim Waldstein, he saw her handkerchief, and he packed her off to hospital."

"When was this?" I asked Lou.

"Last Tuesday."

"Why, that was the night you cried!" I said before I could stop myself. But May didn't take much notice.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "that kind of thing's always happening to Fay and me." She had quite gone away from me. When I spoke it was as if it didn't matter very much any more. Well, we went to the hospital and May went in and spent a long time with Fay, and then she came out and we went to a cafeteria. We ought to have gone to one of those nice old restaurants in a patio with oleanders and vine trellises, but the hospital was in the modern part of New Orleans, so we went to the nearest place, a typical U.S. cheap food place, and that was where I said good-bye to May. I wouldn't have it at first. I knew she'd give up the rest of the tour, but I wanted to join her wherever she was as soon as I was through. She said it was no good. She'd got everything taped, cut and dried. She and Fay were going off to Colorado for the rest of the summer. They'd got a little money saved and they'd got most of what they'd made on this tour. That would see them through. Then when Fay was stronger they'd have to get engagements and go on the road again. "But I can look after her," May explained. "I know all about it. Our mother had it for years." I argued and pleaded and persuaded all in vain. It was like trying to move the Sphinx—May was still right away from me. At last she said:

"You don't understand. It isn't a question of whether it's right to leave Fay or not, or even whether I want to leave her or not. It's just I *can't* leave her, any more than I can leave myself behind. And I ought to have known it earlier. I oughtn't even to have tried to get away."

And that was her last word.

Well, I went back with the band and I hung about a bit after that, but I couldn't get jobs very much and May remained quite obstinate. So, after all, I came home, and now that I'm in England sometimes it seems queer not that I should have wanted to marry May—that always seems the most natural thing in the world—but that I should have wanted to marry a girl who crooned in a sister act with a travelling American jazz-band. I wonder where they are now? I wonder if they're in a green plush tourist Pullman with the air thick with tobacco-smoke and the boys playing poker in their shirt-sleeves, hurtling across the big brown continent of America?

THE END.

Anthony

Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur

Charles Barrand was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour after the State Performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for the French President's visit. He is the general manager of the Opera House, that lovely old theatre having been his life since 1905, when he first joined its staff. He was there for the four great pre-war Galas between 1907 and 1914, so has a unique experience of such occasions, besides having watched over the comings and goings and temperaments of more famous singers than most people. In his private life he likes the calm pleasures of walking, the intricate austerities of astronomy

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"If you give 'em Devil's Island, and we let 'em 'ave Tristan da Cunha, d' yer reckon that would do instead of Tunis and Jibuti?"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Masochism in Mexico

By V. S. Pritchett

THERE are three books on Mexico this week. They are complementary and contradictory. The most distinguished, Mr. Graham Greene's *The Lawless Roads* (Longmans; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is the most prejudiced, and it tells one more about Mr. Greene than about Mexico. He would belong to the Impudent School of modern travel—I think of Messrs. Waugh, Huxley, MacNiece, etc., the clever revue artists who knock off a chic, satirical, faintly bilious impression of a country at the end of a three-months' visit—but Mr. Greene has a profound misanthropy of his own. He travels to suffer. I will write about him later. The Impudent School of travel has become too personal and too hellishly bright; one gets tired of the bad nerves and weak stomachs of writers, and it is a relief to turn to the duller and more informative books. After all, to write a valuable book about a country requires some effacing of the first person singular. It calls for knowledge of the country's history, its language—qualifications not strong in Mr. Greene—and a capacity to discard oneself and imaginatively to assume the alien skin and heart. Otherwise one is just another masochist and another voyeur, and primitive peoples are right in suspecting the evil eye in the casual stranger.

YOU get a real Mexico from the more conventional *Mexican Mosaic*, by Rodney Gallop (Faber; 15*s.*). He lived there for some years, and while his zest for folklore and picturesque customs looks fussily and benignly amateur, an escape to the past in the present stop-press state of religion and politics, it brought him into intimate contact with the Indians. Mr. Greene hated the food, but Mr. Gallop conscientiously chewed fried caterpillars. Mr. Greene was depressed by the daily violence in Mexican life. Mr. Gallop, secure at the Legation, remarks the fundamental vein of gentleness in the Indian, "which is none the less real for the contrast which it presents to their sporadic outbreaks of uncontained violence." This gentleness has led them (his ear noted) to make a sing-song of the robust cadence of the Spanish language. To win their confidence it is important to speak in this sing-song. Mr. Greene, like D. H. Lawrence, was defeated by the dead opacity of the Indian eye; to Lawrence this suggested darkness and evil; to Mr. Greene a hateful void. Yet nothing more sinister than the high, rare, dry air and the diamond light of the plateau must have given those Indian pupils their hard glitter of polished obsidian; and Mr. Gallop reminds one that what appears to be inscrutability is just the normal look of people who are unalterably absorbed in an ancient behaviour pattern. To the Chinese, European eyes, for all their individual expressiveness, are said to be inscrutable. A monk once took pity on a wretched Indian who, in withering cold, was carrying sticks to sell at the distant market. The monk gave the Indian the value of the sticks and told him to light a fire and warm himself. The Indian preferred to return the money rather than fail to fulfil his set function. For him it would have been stupid and immoral at that moment to be warm.

The Indian detachment suggests to the eye a stony and extreme austerity or aloofness. But to all of us it is the other races who are the extremists; we alone represent the humane and golden sanity. The Indian legend of the creation shows they also have this belief. When God made man out of dough, the first batch was a failure because pale and underdone—the white man; in correcting the next batch God overdid it, the dough burned black and produced the negro; then God hit the happy medium of the nicely-browned Mexican Indian.

Mr. Gallop writes, as those who have read his scholarly books on Portugal and the Basques will recall, with eager pleasure and diligence. He describes such things as the marvellous flying game, where the dancers come whirling down in ever-widening circles head first from a mast-high pole. He saw those oddly-Indianised versions of the old Spanish popular dramas of the wars of Moors and Christians. Pontius Pilate appears and threatens to bring the American fleet! The Indians, he notes, develop nothing; with a hint of the mathematical obsession of their race, they simply add. They found it especially easy to add Roman Catholic Christianity, for they already had "the Cross symbolising the four cardinal points, the Virgin birth (Quetzalcoatl), the use of incense, holy water, bread and oil, flagellation, penitence and fasting, amulets, charms and scapularies."

Noel Godber

His books are what are called spicy, e.g., "Twin Bedsteads," "Keep It Dark," "How Dare You, Sir!"; they are also extremely funny. His newest, "Miss Barelegs," is very well-informed as well, for it guys the advertising world, of which the author is a member. Published by John Long

MR. GREENE went to investigate the persecution of the Catholic faith. The full fury had abated to some extent, but the recent past was written in the closed or ruined churches. There were anomalies; the guide to the anti-God museum turned out to be a secret Catholic. Mr. Greene's Catholicism is part revolutionary, part a refuge from private hatred and bitterness. He hated to the point of nausea the present revolver-stuffed politicos, lolling on the verandahs of the towns. He hated the scanty air of the plateau, the food, the drink. He feared the climate and the threat of the country, and the language cut him off from all but a few harried priests and the disappointed foreign survivals who crawled, like dying flies, half-comically, half-tragically, about the hotels and houses of his journey. The only people he admired were the aviators.

This passionate hatred, this honestly-avowed fear, allied to the sort of courage which took him on a rotten barge into the Gulf of Mexico and round through the swamps to Tabasco, are the making of the book as savagely and brilliantly individual adventure. In a sodden hammock he quavered during the tropic storms, seeing the sudden silhouettes of animals in the ground flare of the lightning. Consoling himself with Trollope, sick with dysentery, he persisted on his perturbing journeys. I recognise those panic sensations, as every traveller must. From the reader's point of view, if not from Mexico's, his masochism has produced a vivid, unstable, outstanding book.

MR. R. H. K. MARETT'S *An Eye-Witness of Mexico* (Oxford Press; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is milder stuff. He is informative about the latest political developments, sceptical about the success of the oil expropriations and the breaking-up of the Laguna cotton fields, and in general not unsympathetically on the fence. He was seven years in Mexico and has a Mexican wife. He was there for business, and this took him about without closing his eyes too much. He lies between Mr. Gallop and Mr. Greene, a readable and intelligent Everyman.

MISS HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE'S *Fray Mario* (Longmans; 6*s.*) is a rambling and rather archaically wordy novel in the San Luis Rey manner. Here are the familiar ingredients: the seventeenth century, Spanish pride and intransigeance. The tedious fanaticism of Salamanca—for the Spanish are a boring people—gives place to the livelier demi-monde of Lima. An impish courtesan ends with vows of poverty and a dismissed Franciscan becomes a ragged Villonesque street singer. Told in letters and in supposed extracts from Memoirs, the book has feeling for Spanish things, but is very repetitive and diffuse.

NOVELS for the library list:
Remember the End, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*). *Wigtown Ploughman*, by John McNeille (Putnam; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *Convict Captain*, by Wilson MacArthur (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *The Hopkins Manuscript*, by R. C. Sherriff (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

FOR Getting Away From It All: when you leave town on Friday night prepared to forget, until Monday, the existence of dressmakers, dances, debutantes, and other trappings of civilisation and the social life. Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, anticipate your feelings and offer slacks — complete with deep trouser pockets — in all kinds of engaging colours. There are good greens, navy, several greys, and a grand range of light blues, to form the basis of really exciting colour-schemes. These trousers are the real thing, man-tailored, with covered slide fastening, in flannel from 25s., and in corduroy from 22s. 6d. The ones in the picture are pale grey, topped by a jacket in the brilliant black and yellow of the McLeod tartan

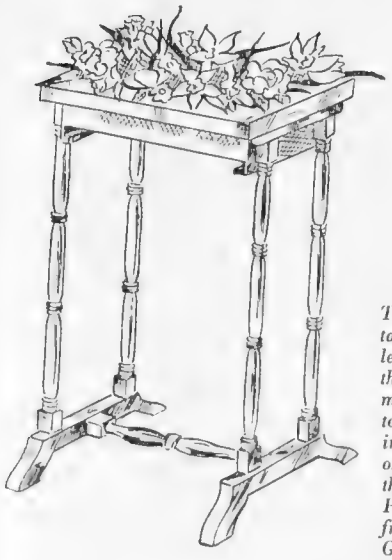
Young and Lovely

YOUTH is fashionable. Look at the shop-windows, with their full-skirted "little-girl" dresses, lingerie touches, and petticoat influence; nothing sophisticated, everything wide-eyed and smiling. The woman of fashion is playing at being a little girl. But she's wise, all the same, for she knows that her new youth must be comprehensive if it is to be convincing. That is why she chooses, as her perfume, the "lovable fragrance" of Yardley's Lavender. There is a wide range of bath and beauty necessities with this same fragrance. Some bath accessories are shown in the large picture at the top of the page. On the right, bath salts and soap; in a round box, the dusting powder, with a large and velvety puff inside. Bath cubes, which travel better than the salts, and, ultimate luxury, the Floating Bath Bowl. This is like a giant's shaving bowl, and it floats in the bath water. Use the whisk brush (which is hanging beside it) and you can fluff the white froth all over yourself. The dressing-table has its complement from the Lavender series. First the famous "Lovable Fragrance"—choice of three bottles—the standard, the wicker-covered flask, and the decanter shape, each in various sizes and shown in the picture above. Brilliantine, to give added lustre to your hair, and of course, the English Complexion Powder. There is a complete range of preparations for skin care, and at the salon at 33, Old Bond Street, you can have advice on your skin and its treatment and a professional make-up at a most moderate price

Scott Bushe

The Bystander turns in search of novelties

discovered by Peta pictured by Jean

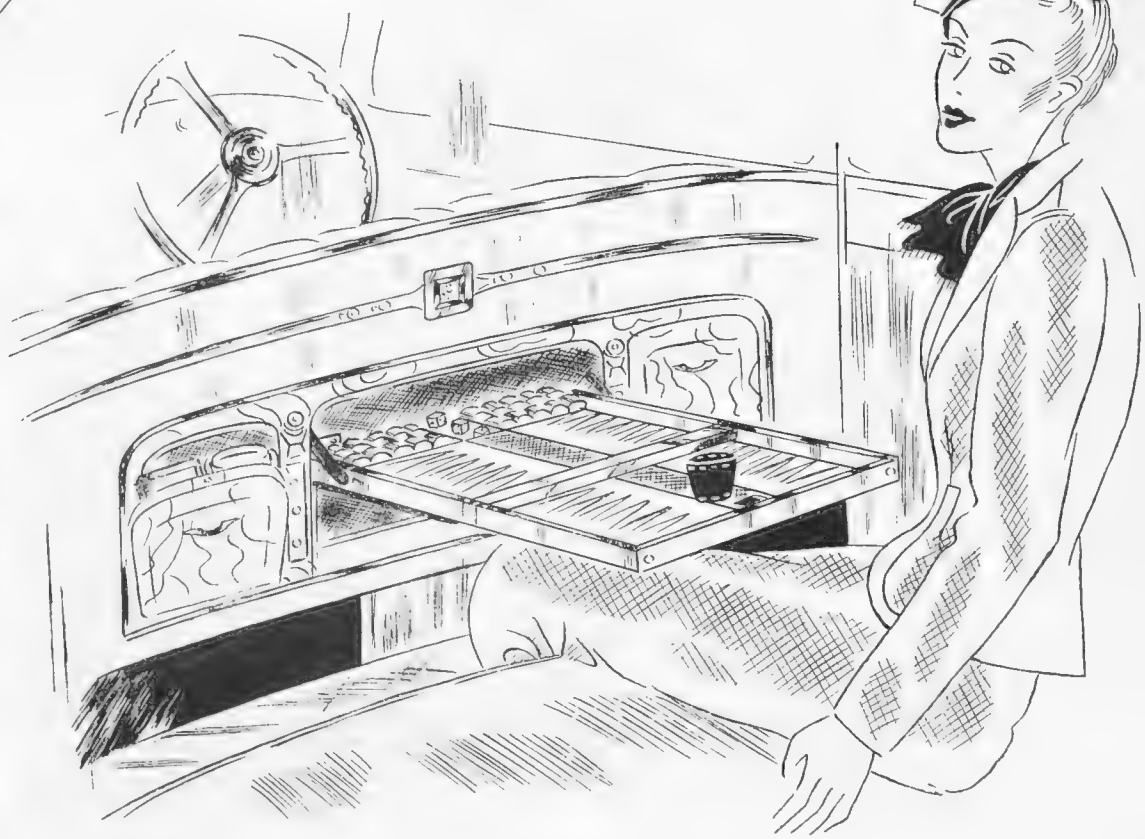


This "occasional" table has a zinc trough let into the top, so that flowers may be massed in it. Useful, too, for indoor growing, besides being an ordinary table when the lid is replaced. Painted ivory, £4 4s., from the Medici Galleries, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street

Next week is Bag Week at Walpole's, of New Bond Street, during which time special values are offered. This soft suède bag is slotted on to a gilt frame, and guaranteed to keep its shape

"Alligator Calf"—a new and very tailored-looking leather, makes this bag. Both handbags, usually 25/9, are offered for 21/9 during the week beginning April 17

Our claim staked: the Medici Galleries have matching menu and place-cards, decorated with appropriate sporting emblems — fishing, yachting, racing, and so on. Also an orchestra in silhouette; with white ivorine surface for writing the names. 4/6 each, and all kinds of instrumentalists.



So smooth is the Rolls-Royce "Wraith," that you can play backgammon and forget that you are nearing your destination by anything between 60 and 80 miles an hour. All the game equipment is concealed in the back of the front seat. The glass partition between back and front seats is electrically raised and lowered: the knobs on either side of the clock operate lights and loud-speaker, and other compartments contain cigar and cigarette boxes, spirit flask, and clothes brush. Everything upholstered in walnut and pigskin: you can see it at the Jack Barclay showrooms, 12, St. George Street, Hanover Square, with other Rolls-Royce models

A Lighter Side of Flying

By Charles Ward

The Civil Air Arm

THE existence of a state of emergency, compelling the authorities to train as many pilots as possible in the minimum of time, is enabling thousands of people to learn to fly at negligible cost. The official assumption is that many of them will become experts in the air and therefore of great value to the State. Meantime, the individuals concerned, mostly people who could not afford flying at rates economical to the clubs, are enjoying those pleasures which only the air can provide. Every day last month nine new civil pilots were registered by the Royal Aero Club—256 certificates in twenty-eight days. This is easily a record for England and equivalent to 3300 odd pilots a year, or an increase of one for every 10,000 members of the population. Whether this is sufficient acceleration depends on the supply of aircraft, for there's no sense in teaching thousands of people to fly if 'planes, and "emergency" flying jobs will be limited to hundreds. It seems that the clubs are working at full pressure, but there is still a need for more aircraft of a simple type and more aerodromes. Most of the best sites, easy to develop and cheap to buy, have been snapped up by the Service or by civil operators. Aerodromes are needed near every big town, provided that their spacing is ten miles apart. The Air Ministry might well pay for a survey of England to ascertain whether suitable sites exist near centres that obviously need them.

The Latest 'Planes

NEW types for Service training, for the C.A.G. and the owner-pilot, will be on sale during the spring. The Moth "Minor," the "Tipsy" and the "Cygnet" are assured of a good reception, for they have been well tried out. In the faster class, Percival's announce a light monoplane for elementary training. It will have a top speed of 163 miles an hour and a range at cruising revs. of 600 miles. There are two seats in tandem, one of which will be fitted for a blind-flying hood. The engine is a 205-h.p. Gipsy "Six." Power plant for the latest Hillson two-seater is to be a Cirrus "Minor" of 80-90 h.p., as built by Blackburns of Brough. The "Helvellyn," as the 'plane is called, will be a mid-wing monoplane, to cruise at 110 miles an hour with a range of 660 miles. It is intended for C.A.G. training, and should have the same safety characteristics as the "Praga"—low stalling speed and no tendency to spin. It doesn't seem to be generally known that the Autogiro Flying Club at Hanworth accepts pupils under the C.A.G. scheme and at exactly the same low rates as are in force at other clubs. The Cierva Autogiro has had a long and difficult period of development which is now showing results. Autogiros are on order for the Navy and recent Army tests have been so promising that further business for the type that can jump over an obstacle when taking-off is obvious.

Flying and the Public

THE latest Gorell Committee recommends banning advertisement-carrying aircraft in due course; prohibiting flight over towns by single-engined aircraft in peace-time; and the creation of a new amateur pilot's licence to stiffen the tests and increase the air experience before passengers are carried. All of which is to the good, provided that the Air Ministry acts promptly. Banner-flying is probably the least dangerous of all air activity over towns, because the pilots are experienced and the usual type of 'plane in use is an Avro that can be landed safely in a very small space. The reduction of noise from an aircraft is one which would be undertaken gladly by manufacturers if it were possible to achieve it without loss of efficiency. Flying has come to stay, and therefore the general public will get used to it, as it has done in the case of every other invention that entails mixed blessings. Recommendations about flying over the Zoo are contradictory. In London it is to be prohibited, but Whipsnade and other zoological gardens are exempt from the ban. Members of the committee with extensive practical knowledge of flying were Sir Alan Cobham, Miss Pauline Gower and Major R. H. Thornton.

Lord Headley is a Civil Air Guard, and is seen taking his seat in a "Moth" at Lympne. Every club is working overtime to cope with thousands who have been attracted by the scheme

News from the Airports

BOTH Derby and Birmingham will appear on the air map this summer. The former has a site at Burnaston which will be opened by Sir Kingsley Wood on June 17, to be preceded on the previous evening by a banquet at the Rolls-Royce headquarters. Birmingham's airport at Elmdon will be opened by the Duchess of Kent on July 8th. The flying displays to accompany the ceremonies are being organised by William Courtenay, to whom enquiries about demonstrations should be addressed. The Admiralty has promised to send Blackburn "Skuas" in formation. This will be the first occasion that the standard fighter-dive-bomber of the Fleet Air Arm has appeared in action before the public. An interesting service tanker was demonstrated at Croydon last month and will be in use at all major airports. Built for "Intava," which is a joint concern owned by Anglo-American and Vacuum for the purpose of marketing their fuel and oil respectively throughout the world, the tanker has many new features that will be appreciated. Capacity is 1000 gallons and maximum delivery at the rate of 70 gallons a minute. Lubricating oil is on tap and a power-driven air-compressor will cope with the largest size in tyres. Holidays for £2 10s. a week or 8s. 6d. a day, including full board and accommodation in a modern camp, are offered at the Ramsgate Flying Centre. The aerodrome, which is operated by the Straight Corporation and equipped with one of their Skyline restaurants, is well situated for those who want to combine flying with a healthy open-air holiday near the sea. And flying is optional, the camp being open to anyone, though rates are so low that the majority of visitors will no doubt try their hand at the controls. Camping is comfortable with spring beds, armchairs, bedside lamps and a raised floor.

A Bristol "Bulldog" is in use as a flying test-bed for the new Alvis aero-engine. Airspeed of Portsmouth installed the engine, and Mr. G. B. S. Errington is the pilot in charge of trials

Sportfolio: Keeping Fit on Two Legs and on Four

The Winner Drinks to Her Success

The ladies' open race, chief event of the day at the Essex Hunt Club races on Hatfield Heath, was won by Miss J. Forwood on Mr. W. H. Ockleston's Vertex. Thereupon Lieut.-Colonel Dalton White, secretary of the club, filled the Warwick Vase with champagne and the win was celebrated

Mother Presents Cup to Son

The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, sister-in-law of Lord Huntingdon, went down to Stowe School to present the prizes after the sports, had the pleasure of handing the long-jump cup to her son, Peter Robin. He won the event and broke the school record with a leap of 21 ft. 1¾ ins.

Hans Nusslein

The German lawn tennis player, who was so successful in the professional "circus" at Olympia, is open indoor champion of the world, has won the French and German open titles, too. He will train the German Davis Cup team

Father and Son Make Rackets History

Lord Aberdare, fifty-three-year-old chairman of the National Fitness Council, reached the final of the rackets doubles with his son, Morys Bruce, being the first father-and-son pair to do so. They were beaten after a great match by Crawley and Pawle. Bruce, now playing for Oxford, was put out of the singles by Holt

First, Second and Third in the Ladies' Race

The trio below took first three places in the ladies' race at the Border Hunts point-to-point at Cornhill-on-Tweed (more pictures of this event are on p. 70); right to left, Mrs. E. Renwick, first on her husband's Richman II., Miss Roberton, second, and Mrs. Johnston, third

Winner of the Kadir Cup and a Victim

The meet for the Kadir Cup, the greatest pig-sticking event in the world, was held near Meerut, India, attracted a big entry as usual, and was won by Major P. H. J. Tuck, R.A., the hon. secretary of the Meerut Tent Club. Here the winner is seen with his mare, Miss Fire, and his once fierce quarry

Out of Doors in England

Engaged Couple

Lord Hopetoun, heir to the Viceroy of India, and Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, elder daughter of Captain Robert Kenyon-Slaney and Lady Mary Gilmour, have announced their engagement and were photographed together at Newbury races. A picture of her younger sister Ursula is on page 43

Intent Trio

Three spectators at the Border Hunts point-to-point steeplechases at East Learmouth, Cornhill-on-Tweed, were Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, Lord Spencer's sister; Lady Mary Egerton, third of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's six daughters; and Miss Cecilia Sprot

Non

More interested watching racing Haddington and Mr. Robertson the Border Hunts

He Came Third

The Hon. Mrs. John Lycett Wills walked with her husband to weigh him in for the Life Guards' regimental race, part of the Grafton programme at Cattle Mill, near Towcester. He came third on his Hillside II.

He Came First

Lord Lewes won the race in which Mr. Wills (left) came third—the Life Guards' regimental in the Grafton point-to-point programme, was also accompanied by his wife, her arm still in a sling. He rode his Lonely Haine

Family

At the Duke of Rutland's (Belvoir) Lord and Lady Ranfurly and Steven Lezard. Lady Ranellyn before her marriage to

ntent Trio

n talking to each other than in or the moment, were Lord centre), Lady Susan Askew, Askew: they were also at oint at Cornhill-on-Tweed

A Carload on Hatfield Heath for the Essex Hunt Club Races

The Essex Hunt Club races on Hatfield Heath went off excellently, with good going and good arrangements for both riders and spectators. It was a fine spring day and a large number of people turned out to watch seventy-six horses start in the six races. This carload is Sir Robert Renwick, Mr. Guy Lawrence, Miss Gypsy Lawrence, Miss Lowrie Corry, Lady Renwick and Mr. Jim Lawrence (on far side)

Group

Hunt point-to-point were his half-brother, Master Furly was Hermione Llew- the Irish Earl in January

Sun in Their Eyes

Three more spectators at the Belvoir hunt 'chases, held at Long Clawson, near Melton Mowbray, were Miss Sarah Norton and the daughters of the Duke of Rutland, Lady Ursula Manners and Lady Isabel Guinness

The Master

Lord Daresbury, who is joint-Master of the Belvoir with Colonel Colman, was at his hunt's point-to-point races at Long Clawson with his wife and Miss Primula Rollo

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Halford Hewitt Draw

ENTRIES from fifty-two schools have been accepted for the Halford Hewitt Cup Tournament this year. On Friday, April 14th, the Old Foresters and Old Wellingtonians will start the tournament at the uncomfortable hour of 8 a.m. It will be remembered that last year it was considered by those in authority that 7 a.m. was too early an hour to ask people who are playing for amusement to start play, so Halford Hewitt time was brought into force, and 7 o'clock was called 8 o'clock. Halford Hewitt time certainly did add to the gaiety of the meeting, as the confusion caused by having one time at the golf club and another time in the town led to several incidents extremely amusing to those who were not personally concerned in them. In one hotel two persons unknown to each other put the clocks back one hour: consequently the early starters in that hotel rose at 4 a.m. instead of 5 a.m. Several other similar instances caused considerable fun amongst those who knew for certain when they were working to Halford Hewitt time and when to Greenwich time.

THE first quarter of the draw includes the holders, Old Marlburians, who start at the gentlemanly hour of 10.30 a.m. They will, to reach the semi-final, have to dispose of the Old Harrovians and Old Salopians, provided there are no surprise results. The strongest teams in the second quarter are the Old Tonbridgians, the Old Wykehamists, and the Old Etonians. The two latter teams have drawn byes and play each other in their first match at 11.20 a.m. on the Saturday. This appears easily the best match of the first encounters, and the winners of it should have an easy run until they meet the Old Tonbridgians in the round before the semi-finals.

In the third quarter the strongest sides, on paper, appear to be the Old Lerpoolians and the Watsonian Golfing Society. The latter are, in my opinion, the more likely to reach the semi-final from this portion of the draw. In this quarter the Old Brightonians play the Old Cholmeleians and, I fancy, in this match, the team for which Neville Selway plays (he honoured both schools with his presence).

In the last quarter, if all goes according to Cocker, the Old Stoics will play the Old Rugbeians for the pleasure of playing the Old Carthusians at tea-time on the Sunday.

THE Old Carthusians have a wonderful draw. If Halford Hewitt had made the draw himself I do not see how he could have done better for his side. It is true that they have to start before the hour at which they usually look at their breakfast, but they do not start play until the Saturday morning, when they play the Old Merchant Taylors at 8.25 a.m., and, if they do not get beaten, they do not take the tee again until 3.5 p.m. What they will do between their matches I cannot imagine; they certainly have a very long time to wait before their second match of the day. Unless this long wait affects them adversely, they should have little difficulty in reaching the fourth round, where, if they get

(Concluded on page 76)

Hector Thomson and Leonard Crawley won the scratch medal foursomes for the Antlers of Royal Mid-Surrey, with returns of 75 and 73 (=148)

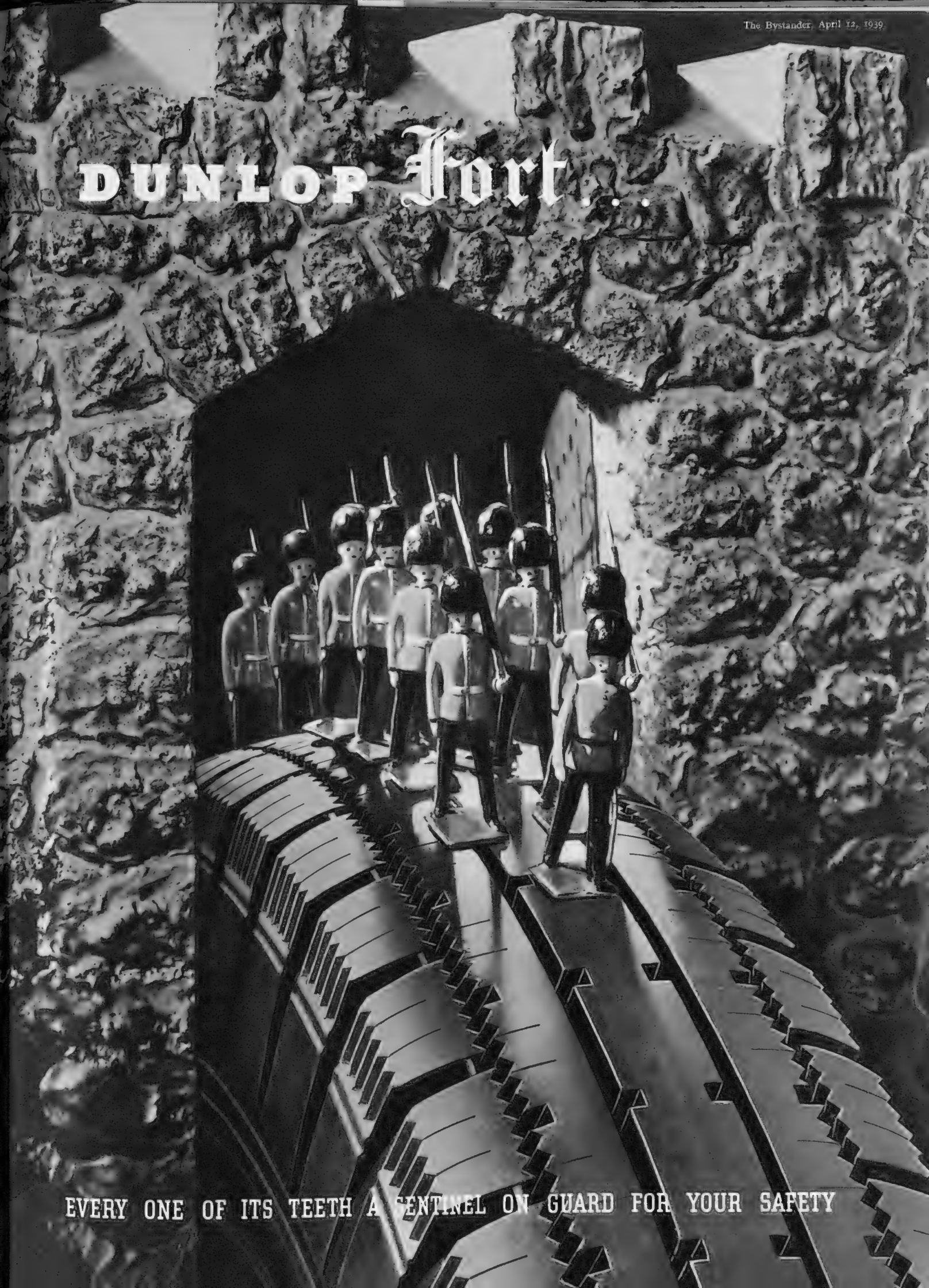
L. B. Page and C. M. Bell were a Thorpe Hall pair competing for the Antlers. The school prize of the day was won by Charterhouse

R. Rutherford and C. D. Gray, a Royal Mid-Surrey pair, returned second best score in play for the Antlers—74+76=150

E. S. Nugent-Head and W. Lister Hartley, both from Addington, tied with Rutherford and Gray for second place with 76+74=150

R. Dean and A. Haining (Fulwell) returned the best morning score, 73, but spoilt it with an afternoon round of 82 for a total of 155

D. A. Drayson (Royal Mid-Surrey) and J. McKay (Oxhey) came half-way down the list with a return of 76+81=157


DUNLOP Fort
EVERY ONE OF ITS TEETH A SENTINEL ON GUARD FOR YOUR SAFETY

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Spring Song

WEATHER is not a topic which usually comes into consideration with the season in full swing, but it is almost impossible not to breathe a sigh of relief that the cold wind has subsided at long last. Down at Ashdown Forest, when Sussex trounced Kent so soundly, there really was a feeling of spring: lambs ma-a-ing beside the 13th green and delaying a shot at the 10th, cuckoo flower out in a ditch—of course, no player visits a ditch, so they know nothing about that—and a lovely shimmer over the trees. Spring growth, though, still tarries, and greens with as much slope and natural pace as Ashdown puzzled most of the fourteen. The curious thing was that Miss Bonner Davis was less puzzled than the majority, and yet lost to Miss Brenda Norris in the morning. In the afternoon she got home, after some good golf, but Miss Norris is doing a job of work now, and obviously tired when confronted with a job of play twice in the day—a warm day at that. Miss Lake, Miss Pockett, Miss Jennings and Miss Powell all won twice for Sussex; Mrs. Cyril Gray and Mrs. Lovett Cameron, who joined the glad throng to make up the morning's grand slam, just failed to cope with Miss Dorothy Pearson and Miss Pat Mitchell, respectively, in the afternoon.

Miss Pockett and Mrs. Lovett Cameron are both earnest pupils of Archie Compston, and each in turn did him high credit, Mrs. Cameron's morning figures of one under fours for the twelve holes of her match being very good indeed.

THAT is beginning at the wrong end of the week, led away by the beauty of the sunny spring day and the pleasure of being at Ashdown again, as opposed to the biting cold the day before at Ranelagh, and the dismal thoughts of Ranelagh's impending decease. It was the first time of visiting the club since the dire news had been announced, and, truly, it made a positive lump in the throat, not caused by the famous Ranelagh cake, to look round the place and wonder what would become of it. Even the exciting vision of dark blue blazers and the smallest University cox on record opening their fan mail, and the very cheery atmosphere of the Parliamentary spring meeting, could not altogether make me feel inclined to sing like a lark.

Apart from that, though, it was an excellent meeting, regarding which first mention is essential of the 57 net that won the Hon. Mrs. J. V. Saunderson the Stringer challenge inkstand. Mrs. Saunderson was a debutante member of the Association, only a few weeks joined, exactly as her daughter was when runner-up in the Parliamentary tournament at Aldeburgh last spring, a quick-off-the-markness which other new members will, no doubt, try to copy.

Scratch scores were comparatively tame in comparison; Mrs. Nigel Seeley (Miss Isabella Rieben) and Mrs. Idina Mills headed the list with 73, but Mrs. Seeley's irons and the fact that she never once took three putts, and Mrs. Mills' immense long game, show what Wales can do—and what Parliamentary may be expected to do this year. The other three associations must look to their laurels in the Wilton Shield, for instance. Mrs. Locker-Lampson, with 64 net, and Miss D. Mulholland and Miss D. Brownlow, with 65, headed the silver division; Lady Romilly, Mrs. Robson and Lady Hacking were bronze division winners; and Mrs. Seeley again, with Mrs. Peter Chance as partner, headed the Stapleford.

Mrs. Nigel Seeley took the Annaly scratch challenge trophy at the Ladies' Parliamentary G.A. meeting at Ranelagh, winning after a tie with Mrs. Mills. With Mrs. Peter Chance (here), Mrs. Seeley won the foursomes

ROYAL WIMBLEDON is a club where, in the past, ladies were very much supposed, like early Victorian children, to be seen and not heard. A different attitude obtains now, but a quite delightful atmosphere of repose and dignity still seems to linger there, with real hospitality and thoroughly modern efficiency: one might search far without finding more charming club-rooms or better cooking. Sussex II. and Middlesex II., playing both matches on this neutral green, thoroughly appreciated their welcome, and the top match, morning and afternoon, was very sound golf. Miss Rosemary Powell has since appeared for Sussex I; it would seem reasonable to suppose that Mrs. Jolly will do the same for Middlesex. At all events, if any of either first team expect to come home at Royal Wimbledon in anything much better than 38, on a heavy day, and then only to win on the last green from an opponent who has gone out in 39, let them go and do it.

NEWS of the *Daily Telegraph* competition is that it is bigger and better than ever. The mind boggles at the thought of how many clubs are holding competitions, how many players competing, how many shots being hit; but the net result is any amount of fun for all sorts and conditions of golfers. There are plenty of new clubs joining in; where any old one, whence winners came last year, is being backward in coming forward, the injured players have no doubt plenty to say, and would seem to be well justified in saying it.

BYSTANDER Foursomes, at Hesketh, have a bigger entry than last year, which speaks well for the popularity of that course. The backmarkers, at a joint handicap of 5, are the ex-girl champion, Miss Peggy Edwards, and Mrs. W. H. Wood; two who have only recently emerged from the Stoke nursery are Miss Joan Hives and Miss Pam Shand, who come next at 6. Last year they reached the semi-final, and are not to be taken lightly this. And the entry of Mrs. T. H. Miller, founder of the L.G.U., with Mrs. Peter Schofield as her partner, lends a new distinction to the event.

AN IMPORTANT CORRECTION.

In this page of March 22nd the "Bystander" One Day Medal Foursomes and Wentworth Open Scratch Foursomes were referred to as taking place in the first week of June. *June should, of course, have read* May. *Entry forms for the "Bystander" event is on page two of cover. Entries for Wentworth's own event should be sent to that club*

Miss D. Mulholland won the second prize in the first division handicap at Ranelagh after a tie with Miss Brownlow; Mrs. Clayton Robson won the second division handicap

Miss Beatrice Grosvenor and Miss Daphne Brownlow were two more L.P.G.A. competitors at Ranelagh; the latter was beaten in a first division handicap tie by Miss Mulholland

Miss Brenda and Miss Ann Smithers, a sister pair of Ladies' Parliamentary players in the spring meeting at Ranelagh, sat out for their photograph

'Well, what's in the news?'

Player's are always in the picture . . .

Fresh happenings . . . changing events. But day by day, the quality of Player's remains constant. Bringing pleasure to cigarette smokers everywhere. Always a source of enjoyment because of the excellence of the famous Player tobacco.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

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SPRING PROPHECY

As sure as spring flowers bloom there will be Braemar Sweaters to vie with them. Here is a love of a twin set in contrasting colours. The short-sleeved sweater has a row of tiny silk-covered buttons—the contrasting cardigan is bound in the sweater colour. In Pure Cashmere soft as a caress. The sweater costs 32/6. The cardigan costs 36/6. Do write for New Spring Booklet (to address below)—it shows lots of new styles and the 1939 range of colours

YOU CAN GET BRAEMAR AT MOST GOOD SHOPS AND STORES

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND AND AT AXTELL HOUSE, WARWICK STREET, LONDON W.1 · ALSO MAKERS OF BRAEMAR UNDERWEAR

Poor Weather Started the Addington Foursomes

Damp underfoot and overhead were the conditions for the start of the open foursomes meeting round the New Course at Addington, where this group of W. Lister Hartley, the Hon. Max Aitken, F. Robson, and Henry Cotton was taken. Cotton had won, the week-end before, the "Daily Mail" £2000 tournament, beating Archie Compston after a great replay (see below)

(Continued from page 72)

as far, they will have a really hard match, apparently against the Old Stoics or the Old Rugbeians.

This year the semi-finals as well as the final will be played on the Monday, which means that the winners—provided they have a practice round—will have been at Deal, or in its neighbourhood, for a whole week less one day before they are victorious. This arrangement is certainly better than last year's, but is still very far from satisfactory. It is difficult for people to get the full enjoyment out of this meeting if they have to start play at such an early hour as 8 a.m. This meeting is such good fun and enjoyed by so many, both players and supporters, that it is, to say the least, unfortunate that a more satisfactory method of playing it cannot be devised.

The new holes at Deal, and the other alterations to the course, will have their baptism of fire during this tournament. This year, if the wind is in the right direction, the voice of the donor will once again be heard at Deal. Last year he could not be present, as he was on a tour to South Africa for his health when the meeting was held.

The Carthusians will again have the assistance of Ben Travers, the famous actor, whose devotion to his public prevented him from being present last year, his first absence since he was appointed honorary trainer to the Old Carthusian Golfing Society.

Compston at Addington

Compston, the runner-up in the "Daily Mail" £2000 tournament at Queen's Park, Bournemouth, met his victor, Cotton, again in the Addington foursomes (here Compston fails to clear a bunker in the early rounds). At Queen's Park, in the replay, he had lost to Cotton by four strokes—141 to 145

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ON THE MONTLHERY TRACK

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It covered 172.873 km. (107.42 miles) in one hour, 86.082 km. (53.49 miles) during the first half-hour and 86.791 km. (53.96 miles) during the second; the most rapid run was carried out at 175.740 km. (109.2 m.p.h.) in spite of bad weather conditions.

This same Bentley car had run on the German autoroutes at more than 180 km. per hour (112 m.p.h.) and had already run nearly 23,000 kilometres (14,300 miles)."—LE TEMPS, *Paris*, 16th February 1939

(Translation)

The Trials on the Montlhery Track were officially observed by the Automobile Club de France

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A win for Rolt *was recorded at the end of the 200-mile British Empire Trophy race at Donington, a win which had seemed probable from the early laps, for his Dixon-tuned E.R.A. had led throughout. He averaged 75·91 m.p.h.*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE sweeping and highly constructive recommendations o the Lords' Select Committee on the Prevention of Roa Accidents, under the Chairmanship of Lord Alness, wil surely be welcomed by all classes of road user.

Here, for the first time, is a reasoned analysis of the positio as it really exists—without bias or prejudice for or against an one class.

One inescapable conclusion which stands out head and shoulder above all others to be drawn from the Report is the fact that th blame for accidents under existing conditions attaches equall to *all* road users and that the much-maligned motorist is no any more culpable than the cyclist or the pedestrian.

The principal recommendations in the Report are as follows:

(*a*) That the Highway Code become Law.

(*b*) That the Speed Limit be retained—but that it be impose reasonably only and that many stretches of road at presen restricted become de-restricted.

(*c*) That the programme of road improvement be speeded up.

(*d*) That pedal-cycles be registered and carry number-plate and that compulsory third-party insurance be applied to cyclist

(*e*) That pedal-cyclists be required to report accidents in th same way as motorists at present have to do.

(*f*) That cyclists below the age of ten years be barred.

(*g*) That bicycles be required to carry red rear-lights, bell and efficient brakes acting on both wheels and that cyclist be compelled to use cycle-tracks where these are adequate.

(*h*) That traffic-lights for pedestrians should be provided and that it should be obligatory for pedestrians to comply with them

Surveying the terrain *for the R.A.C. Rally on Tuesday week are Flying-Officer M. N. Mavrogordato and Mr. Dixon Cade; they will drive their Series E Morris "Eight" saloon, the model which did so well in the Monte Carlo Rally*

(*i*) That legislation be introduced making it a punishable offence for a pedestrian to walk into the road, for any purpose other than crossing, where a footpath is provided.

(*j*) That tests for "L" drivers be stiffened up and that a new Test be imposed on a driver whose licence has been suspended.

(*k*) That, where a pedestrian is involved in an accident occurring other than on a crossing, it be incumbent upon the pedestrian to prove negligence.

These are only a few of the excellent suggestions made in the Report. Another—and this is one which all London motorists will endorse whole-heartedly—is that, wherever feasible, the Bressey Report shall receive effect.

THE London "Safety First" Council has decided to draw the attention of the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police to the number of motor-vehicles still using defective tyres on the roads.

Though the fact is not so well known as it ought to be, a motorist may be prosecuted for using defective tyres and, during last year, there was in the London area alone an increase of 195 in the number of such prosecutions—a large rise on the already substantial previous year's figure of 2795. Throughout the country as a whole, the total rose from 6974 to 7064.

A report recently issued by the London "Safety First" Council states that "at 20 m.p.h., the stopping distance when brakes are applied on a wet smooth surface increases from 25 ft. for new tyres to as much as 40 ft. for smooth tyres. At 35 m.p.h., the difference is found to be 85 ft. for new tyres as against 140 ft. for smooth." Motorists are burdened with too many regulations, but this particular one of replacing defective tyres should certainly be adhered to in the interests of general safety

ON all sides I hear encouraging accounts of the way in which car sales have increased, even over last year's figures, during the past few weeks.

It is announced from Wolseley Motors, for instance, that, following a highly successful trading season, the Company's production has broken record after record. This upward movement has been particularly noticeable during the past five weeks and there is every promise of its becoming even more marked as the year progresses.

Weekly production figures have recently shown increases of 80 per cent. and over compared with this time last year and this has necessitated the placing of large additional orders for raw material.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 12—April 18

THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DRACULA.—A revival at popular prices of Bram Stoker's famous thriller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

THE FAMILY REUNION.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse does not succeed like *Murder in the Cathedral*, because it is about a modern aristocratic family: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title typifies this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HEAVEN AND CHARING CROSS.—A real murder story, with real people; Frederick Peisley as the killer, Mary Clare as his mother: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley's next-life pilgrimage with Ralph Richardson as the pilgrim: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET.—Another excellent scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOTHER.—Karel Capek's last and most moving play, with Louise Hampton in the name-part: Garrick 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MRS. VAN KLEEK.—Nancy Price plays the name-part—a tyrannical hotel proprietrix—in a play from Elinor Mordaunt's novel, supported by Pamela Stanley: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans: popular prices: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SUGAR PLUM.—Light conjugal comedy with Kay Hammond and Ronald Squire heading a good cast: Criterion. 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey are Katharine and Petruchio: Old Vic, 8.0 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—Beatrix Lehmann makes a tour de force as a homicidal maid in a play with conventional faults which nevertheless thrills: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes and opera stars, with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démodé, is the setting for Ivor Novello's new musical with Mary Ellis: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Valerie is the youngest of the Windmill family in Vivian Van Damm's "Revudeville," which has become such a London fixture

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 119.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Hippodrome (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Night

OF MICE AND MEN.—Norman Marshall presents the American stage success, with Clare Luce, Niall McGinnis and John Mills: Gate, to-night, 12th.

CINEMAS

BLACK EYES (French).—Simone Simon and Harry Baur in a pre-war Russian romance drama woven round the famous song: Berkeley.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder; Françoise Rosay: Academy.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Gaumont.

HOTEL IMPERIAL (American).—Love and war and Paramount's new star, Isa Miranda, and Ray Milland all mixed up in 1916 Eastern Europe: Plaza.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT (American).—A good film version of Sherwood's next-war play, with Clark Gable, a blonde Norma Shearer, Edward Arnold: Empire.

INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH (British).—Not good enough; Alastair Sim and Gordon Harker; too much to formula: New Gallery.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (American).—Carole Lombard and James Stewart in a well-acted exposition of domestic troubles and joys: London Pavilion.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice, Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

SIGN OF THE CROSS (American).—A revival of the Palestinian story of the time of Christ; Claudette Colbert, Charles Laughton, Fredric March: Carlton.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (American).—Don Ameche, the Ritz Brothers and Binnie Barnes in not much to do with Dumas: Regal.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

WHAT A WOMAN (American).—Virginia Bruce and Melvyn Douglas in a formula comedy: Odeon.

WINGS OF THE NAVY (American).—Patriotism and submarines and flying-boats and George Brent and Olivia de Havilland: Warner.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LA BOHÈME.—To-night, 12th, 8.

CARNAVAL, HAUNTED BALLROOM, PATINEURS.—Thurs., 13th, 8.30.

AÏDA.—Fri., 14th, 7.45.

LAC DES CYGNES.—Sat., 15th, 2.30.

IL TROVATORE.—Sat., 15th, 8.

GODS GO A-BEGGING, NOCTURNE, HOROSCOPE.—Tues., 18th, 8.30.

MUSIC

MENUHIN AND THE L.P.O.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the L.P.O. in a concert of three concertos with the violinist (Bach in A minor, Bruch in G minor, Beethoven in D), in aid of Jewish refugees: Albert Hall, Sun., 16th, 3.

EXHIBITION

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.—Earls Court.

SPORT

BOXING.—Tommy Farr v. Chris Burman (American heavyweight): Harringay, Thurs., 13th.

GOLF.—Halford Hewitt tournament: Deal, Fri., 14th-Mon., 17th.

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Elam — Midgley

Edgar Elam and Elizabeth (Lisa) Midgley were married at St. Clement Danes in the Strand. He is the son of the late Rev. H. D. Elam and Mrs. Elam ; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Midgley, of Roydon Lodge, Lesney Park Road, Erith, Kent

Beddington — Holt

At St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, Richard Beddington married Joan Appleby Holt. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beddington, of 89, Kensington Court, W. ; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Appleby Holt, of Brede Place, near Rye, Sussex

Dent — Buxton

Lieut. Adrian James Dent, R.N., younge son of Sir Francis Dent, of 56, Curz Street, and the late Lady Dent, marri Diana Elizabeth Buxton at the Brompto Oratory. She is the daughter of Mr. an Mrs. Iceland Buxton, of 5, Cranley Place, S.W

Mace — Nash

Hugh Mace and Joan Nash were marri at St. George's, Hanover Square. He the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Mac of Ormdale, Woodhall Avenue, Pinne Middlesex ; she is the elder daught of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Nash, of Londo

Windley — Sergison-Brooke

Edward Henry Windley, son of the late E. C. Windley and the late Vicomtesse de Toustain, and Patience Sergison-Brooke, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, of the Manor House, Chipping Warden, were married at St. Peter and St. Paul, Chipping Warden

Tuckey — Newsom Davis

Henry Lane Tuckey, son of Mr. Jack Tuckey, of Park Road, N.W.1, and of Mrs. A. N. Clark, of Delmer End, Flamstead, Herts., and Rosemary Newsom Davis, daughter of the late H. Newsom Davis and Mrs. Davis, of Harpenden Common, Herts., were married on March 29

Beynes — Powell

Norman Beynes, of Matlock, Elm Tr Avenue, Esher, Surrey, manager of th Hudson Bay Fur Company, and Doree Powell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Powe of Chirk, Wrexham, Denbighshire, we married at All Souls', Langham Pla

Duke — Hansen

Captain Walter Derek Hamilton Duke, the Gordon Highlanders, only son of the Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Duke, of Middlebie, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, married Yvonne Leslie Hansen at Chelsea Old Church. She is the only daughter of Mrs. E. M. Hansen, of 25, Roland Gardens, S.W.7

Somers — Coles

It was a Holy Trinity, Brompton, wedding between Capt. Thomas Vivian Somers, R.A., younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. S. S. Somers, of Bell Hall, Belbroughton, Worcs., and Daphne June Coles, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Coles, of 34, Melbury Court, W.8

Pascall — Reid

Keith Pascall, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney W. Pascall, of Purley Down, Surrey, and Elizabeth Reid, elder daughter of Dr. James Reid and Mrs. Reid, of Annandale, Great Crosby, Lancashire, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

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